

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved

"As she saw the evident oblivion of those two to all but each other she caught her breath sharply and her eyes devoured the man's face. She saw it moved and softened as she—his wife—had seldom seen it. She could not hear what he said, but his action seemed significant enough. He took the beautiful hands in both his own."

Science Explains Why "Clothes Make the Man"

How What You Wear Determines the Size of Your Bank Account, the Food You Eat, the Hours You Keep, the Sort of Job You Hold, the Number of Times You Attend Church--and Even Whether You Prefer Movies to Grand Opera!



Queen Elizabeth, Science Believes, Was All the More a Queen Because She Decked Herself in All the Most Highly Exaggerated Fashions of Her Day

THE familiar saying that "clothes make the man" no doubt runs back into the past as far as the first almost human ancestor who attached a strip of skin or a garland of leaves to his or her own pelts. The ancient sage has had his opponents ever since--and, equally without doubt, back in those dim beginnings of time there were philosophers who scorned this adjunct to man's natural covering, viewing with suspicion and distrust the rapidly increasing development of what in later centuries was to be known as "fashion." Against these philosophers is the type represented by the lady who told the late-day sage, Herbert Spencer, so he says, that "the consciousness of being perfectly well dressed gave her a peace such as religion cannot give."

Science has now taken a hand in the controversy and has given its vote to the stimulating--clothes do make the man.

Professor George Van Ness Dearborn, now a member of the Medical Corps of the United States Army and one of the most distinguished of American psychologists, having affiliations with Harvard University, the Sargent School of Physical Culture and other notable institutions, has given the results of his exhaustive study on the subject, under the title of "The Psychology of Clothing," in a recent number of "Psychological Monographs," published by the Psychological Review Company.

"Appearances," says Professor Dearborn in one of his summaries up, "may rise far above the reality. One's clothes may be far better than his soul, his mentality, his body or his bank account. But, none the less, till every lass and madam and 'mean Jack' is a philosopher, and a stoic philosopher at that, the wise man in the average social community will not ignore appearances--unless he be well fixed above that community. It is certain that the philosopher, even the amateur philosopher, can rise above his clothing. It is still more certain that philosophers are scarce, and to say rather obsolescent and very nearly extinct, so far as practical affairs are concerned."

"When a person is satisfied, contented, in good humor, when he is happy, in short, he expends more energy, has more initiative and is altogether more efficient than when he is unhappy, worrying about something or when he has a crowd or any of the conditions opposite to happiness. Freedom from discomfort underlies all this, and says Dr. Dearborn, 'It importantly underlies the psychology of clothing in particular.'"

This comfort has both a physiological and a psychological aspect. It may refer to the body or to the mind. Body-fitting clothes disturb the comfort of the physiological processes, and clothes which people are ashamed to do not like disturb the comfort of the mind.

From the purely chymical aspect Dr. Dearborn discusses clothing in its relation to whether it interferes with or aids the natural functions of the skin, exertion, ventilation and so on. Next, as to whether it interferes by pressure with the peristaltic blood pressure, and in the process of digestion.

Dr. Dearborn makes a register of points of human behavior largely determined by clothing. The kind of clothes a man or woman wears determines, he says,

"1. How much one 'goes out' both into the street and--

"2. Into society in general; how many 'calls' one makes.

"3. The time of day or night at which one goes out when living in town, for several reasons.

"4. Where one goes, that is, the sort of places to which one goes, both in town and to the country.

"5. How much company one invites to his home, and--

"6. To some extent, the nature of that company."

"7. How much one attends church, Casino, parade, etc.

"8. How much one attends the theatre, designed, whether it be a dark movie

Was All the More a Queen Because She Decked Herself in All the Most Highly Exaggerated Fashions of Her Day

THE familiar saying that "clothes make the man" no doubt runs back into the past as far as the first almost human ancestor who attached a strip of skin or a garland of leaves to his or her own pelts. The ancient sage has had his opponents ever since--and, equally without doubt, back in those dim beginnings of time there were philosophers who scorned this adjunct to man's natural covering, viewing with suspicion and distrust the rapidly increasing development of what in later centuries was to be known as "fashion." Against these philosophers is the type represented by the lady who told the late-day sage, Herbert Spencer, so he says, that "the consciousness of being perfectly well dressed gave her a peace such as religion cannot give."

Science has now taken a hand in the controversy and has given its vote to the stimulating--clothes do make the man.

Professor George Van Ness Dearborn, now a member of the Medical Corps of the United States Army and one of the most distinguished of American psychologists, having affiliations with Harvard University, the Sargent School of Physical Culture and other notable institutions, has given the results of his exhaustive study on the subject, under the title of "The Psychology of Clothing," in a recent number of "Psychological Monographs," published by the Psychological Review Company.

"Appearances," says Professor Dearborn in one of his summaries up, "may rise far above the reality. One's clothes may be far better than his soul, his mentality, his body or his bank account. But, none the less, till every lass and madam and 'mean Jack' is a philosopher, and a stoic philosopher at that, the wise man in the average social community will not ignore appearances--unless he be well fixed above that community. It is certain that the philosopher, even the amateur philosopher, can rise above his clothing. It is still more certain that philosophers are scarce, and to say rather obsolescent and very nearly extinct, so far as practical affairs are concerned."

"When a person is satisfied, contented, in good humor, when he is happy, in short, he expends more energy, has more initiative and is altogether more efficient than when he is unhappy, worrying about something or when he has a crowd or any of the conditions opposite to happiness. Freedom from discomfort underlies all this, and says Dr. Dearborn, 'It importantly underlies the psychology of clothing in particular.'"

This comfort has both a physiological and a psychological aspect. It may refer to the body or to the mind. Body-fitting clothes disturb the comfort of the physiological processes, and clothes which people are ashamed to do not like disturb the comfort of the mind.

From the purely chymical aspect Dr. Dearborn discusses clothing in its relation to whether it interferes with or aids the natural functions of the skin, exertion, ventilation and so on. Next, as to whether it interferes by pressure with the peristaltic blood pressure, and in the process of digestion.

Dr. Dearborn makes a register of points of human behavior largely determined by clothing. The kind of clothes a man or woman wears determines, he says,

"1. How much one 'goes out' both into the street and--

"2. Into society in general; how many 'calls' one makes.

"3. The time of day or night at which one goes out when living in town, for several reasons.

"4. Where one goes, that is, the sort of places to which one goes, both in town and to the country.

"5. How much company one invites to his home, and--

"6. To some extent, the nature of that company."

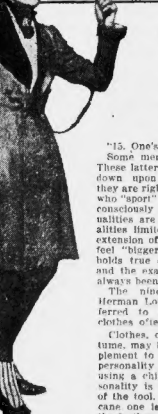
"7. How much one attends church, Casino, parade, etc.

"8. How much one attends the theatre, designed, whether it be a dark movie



Mme. Dubarry and Her Devoted Admirer, Louis XV. Dubarry Owed Much of Her Success as 'One of the World's Most Famous Fishers of Men' to the Luxurious Garments with Which She Enhanced Her Physical and Mental Charms.

© E.O. HOPPER



Beau Brummell with the High Hat, Beribboned Stick and Other Frivolities of Dress That Tended to Expand His Personality

among often unfashionably or ill-dressed couple, or the grand opera, with its brilliant promenade and conspicuous visiting.

"9. Clothes frequently help people to get jobs and to hold them, but--

"10. Clothes help others to miss positions and to lose them.

"11. The amount of exercise one takes and its variety are determined to a considerable extent by one's habits of dress, and especially perhaps, by one's business in regard to the frequent changing of one's clothes.

"12. How much one sits and where and how one sits.

"13. How much one eats and drinks--the very basis of much bodily comfort--is determined to some extent by the clothing.

"14. How much checking-balance one may keep at the bank, determinant of his behavior to a noteworthy degree.

"15. One's personal beauty." Some men carry canes; others do not. These latter are somewhat inclined to look down upon the cane-carriers. Perhaps they are right, for it would seem that those who "sport" a stick do it because they subconsciously realize that their own individualities are somewhat slim, their personalities limited. The cane gives them an extension of this personality--makes them feel "bigger" than they are. The same holds true of "high hats," French heels and the exaggerated fashions which have always been phenomena of a frivolous age.

The nineteenth-century philosopher, Herman Lotze, in his "Microcosmos," referred to by Dr. Dearborn, held that clothes often tend to expand personality.

Clothes, or at least parts of one's costume, may be considered as a kind of implement to the outer limits of which the personality tends always to expand. In using a chair, for example, a man's personality is on the level, or on the edge of the foot. In like manner, in wearing a cane one is apt to have his attention at the further end of the cane, or at the close end, or at both ends. High heels act in somewhat the same way. "Swagger sticks," so common now, tend to expand the personality; so do high hats.

Very broad hats, collars like those of Elizabeth's day. Even bustles tend to expand the individuality of the wearer, and in a direction at which one "wanders," comments Dr. Dearborn discussing Lotze's views.

In a smaller way ink waders, furs, top-coats, chimney overcoats and superfluous wraps are badges of enlarged personality of the wearer.

It is plain from the frequency with which well-to-do, high-headed people assume these implements, which connect their personalities with the environment, that there is always a great amount of pleasantness and often mobbish satisfaction connected with their use," says Professor Dearborn.

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company.

Lotze makes another interesting point concerning the tightness of clothing, especially to stays and corsets.

"The greater or less tension and firmness possessed by the material in itself or due to its cut is transferred to us, as if it resulted from our hearing."

The English "Tommy's" tight coat of before the war, our own West Point Cadet's stiff uniform, would be, according to Lotze, determining factors in the stiffness, rigidity and firmness of their wearers; that is, the suggestion they carry would tend to create similar conditions in the conduct of the wearer. A woman in tight corsets cannot so easily be swayed by emotion as a woman in loose garments. "Straight laced" as a phrase descriptive of primness comes direct from the unconquerable corset.

Robert Herrick said: "A sweet disorder in the dress kindles in clothes a wantonness."

Loose clothes are more apt to produce loose morals than tight ones. This, at least, if we remember rightly, was Lotze's idea, who also explains that waving plumes on hats, hanging tassels, veils, scarfs, ribbons and various other adjuncts give a sense of joyous movement and vivacity to the wearers and aid in the observance--and therefore by suggestion makes them so.

Fear is the greatest obstacle, both to humanity's progress and to the progress of the individual. Dr. Dearborn calls attention to this as follows:

"We may not without danger of being successfully contradicted that clothing, at times or perhaps, in some people, if not in others, projects us against fear--fear of ridicule, (2) of the estimation of poverty, (3) of the estimation of inferiority or stupidity, (4) of numerous domestic discomforts, (5) of bodily internal discomforts, (6) of the estimation of bodily discomforts, (7) of anxiety, (8) of the estimation of a lack of self-respect, (9) of the estimation of a lack of good taste, (10) of obtrusiveness, (11) of an underestimation of one's own worth, (12) of the estimation of one's own worth, (13) of the estimation of one's own worth, (14) of the estimation of one's own worth, (15) of the estimation of one's own worth, (16) of the estimation of one's own worth, (17) of the estimation of one's own worth, (18) of the estimation of one's own worth, (19) of the estimation of one's own worth, (20) of the estimation of one's own worth, (21) of the estimation of one's own worth, (22) of the estimation of one's own worth, (23) of the estimation of one's own worth, (24) of the estimation of one's own worth, (25) of the estimation of one's own worth, (26) of the estimation of one's own worth, (27) of the estimation of one's own worth, (28) of the estimation of one's own worth, (29) of the estimation of one's own worth, (30) of the estimation of one's own worth, (31) of the estimation of one's own worth, (32) of the estimation of one's own worth, (33) of the estimation of one's own worth, (34) of the estimation of one's own worth, (35) of the estimation of one's own worth, (36) of the estimation of one's own worth, (37) of the estimation of one's own worth, (38) of the estimation of one's own worth, (39) of the estimation of one's own worth, (40) of the estimation of one's own worth, (41) of the estimation of one's own worth, (42) of the estimation of one's own worth, (43) of the estimation of one's own worth, (44) of the estimation of one's own worth, (45) of the estimation of one's own worth, (46) of the estimation of one's own worth, (47) of the estimation of one's own worth, (48) of the estimation of one's own worth, (49) of the estimation of one's own worth, (50) of the estimation of one's own worth, (51) of the estimation of one's own worth, (52) of the estimation of one's own worth, (53) of the estimation of one's own worth, (54) of the estimation of one's own worth, (55) of the estimation of one's own worth, (56) of the estimation of one's own worth, (57) of the estimation of one's own worth, (58) of the estimation of one's own worth, (59) of the estimation of one's own worth, (60) of the estimation of one's own worth, (61) of the estimation of one's own worth, (62) of the estimation of one's own worth, (63) of the estimation of one's own worth, (64) of the estimation of one's own worth, (65) of the estimation of one's own worth, (66) of the estimation of one's own worth, (67) of the estimation of one's own worth, (68) of the estimation of one's own worth, (69) of the estimation of one's own worth, (70) of the estimation of one's own worth, (71) of the estimation of one's own worth, (72) of the estimation of one's own worth, (73) of the estimation of one's own worth, (74) of the estimation of one's own worth, (75) of the estimation of one's own worth, (76) of the estimation of one's own worth, (77) of the estimation of one's own worth, (78) of the estimation of one's own worth, (79) of the estimation of one's own worth, (80) of the estimation of one's own worth, (81) of the estimation of one's own worth, (82) of the estimation of one's own worth, (83) of the estimation of one's own worth, (84) of the estimation of one's own worth, (85) of the estimation of one's own worth, (86) of the estimation of one's own worth, (87) of the estimation of one's own worth, (88) of the estimation of one's own worth, (89) of the estimation of one's own worth, (90) of the estimation of one's own worth, (91) of the estimation of one's own worth, (92) of the estimation of one's own worth, (93) of the estimation of one's own worth, (94) of the estimation of one's own worth, (95) of the estimation of one's own worth, (96) of the estimation of one's own worth, (97) of the estimation of one's own worth, (98) of the estimation of one's own worth, (99) of the estimation of one's own worth, (100) of the estimation of one's own worth, (101) of the estimation of one's own worth, (102) of the estimation of one's own worth, (103) of the estimation of one's own worth, (104) of the estimation of one's own worth, (105) of the estimation of one's own worth, (106) of the estimation of one's own worth, (107) of the estimation of one's own worth, (108) of the estimation of one's own worth, (109) of the estimation of one's own worth, (110) of the estimation of one's own worth, (111) of the estimation of one's own worth, (112) of the estimation of one's own worth, (113) of the estimation of one's own worth, (114) of the estimation of one's own worth, (115) of the estimation of one's own worth, (116) of the estimation of one's own worth, (117) of the estimation of one's own worth, (118) of the estimation of one's own worth, (119) of the estimation of one's own worth, (120) of the estimation of one's own worth, (121) of the estimation of one's own worth, (122) of the estimation of one's own worth, (123) of the estimation of one's own worth, (124) of the estimation of one's own worth, (125) of the estimation of one's own worth, (126) of the estimation of one's own worth, (127) of the estimation of one's own worth, (128) of the estimation of one's own worth, (129) of the estimation of one's own worth, (130) of the estimation of one's own worth, (131) of the estimation of one's own worth, (132) of the estimation of one's own worth, (133) of the estimation of one's own worth, (134) of the estimation of one's own worth, (135) of the estimation of one's own worth, (136) of the estimation of one's own worth, (137) of the estimation of one's own worth, (138) of the estimation of one's own worth, (139) of the estimation of one's own worth, (140) of the estimation of one's own worth, (141) of the estimation of one's own worth, (142) of the estimation of one's own worth, (143) of the estimation of one's own worth, (144) of the estimation of one's own worth, (145) of the estimation of one's own worth, (146) of the estimation of one's own worth, (147) of the estimation of one's own worth, (148) of the estimation of one's own worth, (149) of the estimation of one's own worth, (150) of the estimation of one's own worth, (151) of the estimation of one's own worth, (152) of the estimation of one's own worth, (153) of the estimation of one's own worth, (154) of the estimation of one's own worth, (155) of the estimation of one's own worth, (156) of the estimation of one's own worth, (157) of the estimation of one's own worth, (158) of the estimation of one's own worth, (159) of the estimation of one's own worth, (160) of the estimation of one's own worth, (161) of the estimation of one's own worth, (162) of the estimation of one's own worth, (163) of the estimation of one's own worth, (164) of the estimation of one's own worth, (165) of the estimation of one's own worth, (166) of the estimation of one's own worth, (167) of the estimation of one's own worth, (168) of the estimation of one's own worth, (169) of the estimation of one's own worth, (170) of the estimation of one's own worth, (171) of the estimation of one's own worth, (172) of the estimation of one's own worth, (173) of the estimation of one's own worth, (174) of the estimation of one's own worth, (175) of the estimation of one's own worth, (176) of the estimation of one's own worth, (177) of the estimation of one's own worth, (178) of the estimation of one's own worth, (179) of the estimation of one's own worth, (180) of the estimation of one's own worth, (181) of the estimation of one's own worth, (182) of the estimation of one's own worth, (183) of the estimation of one's own worth, (184) of the estimation of one's own worth, (185) of the estimation of one's own worth, (186) of the estimation of one's own worth, (187) of the estimation of one's own worth, (188) of the estimation of one's own worth, (189) of the estimation of one's own worth, (190) of the estimation of one's own worth, (191) of the estimation of one's own worth, (192) of the estimation of one's own worth, (193) of the estimation of one's own worth, (194) of the estimation of one's own worth, (195) of the estimation of one's own worth, (196) of the estimation of one's own worth, (197) of the estimation of one's own worth, (198) of the estimation of one's own worth, (199) of the estimation of one's own worth, (200) of the estimation of one's own worth, (201) of the estimation of one's own worth, (202) of the estimation of one's own worth, (203) of the estimation of one's own worth, (204) of the estimation of one's own worth, (205) of the estimation of one's own worth, (206) of the estimation of one's own worth, (207) of the estimation of one's own worth, (208) of the estimation of one's own worth, (209) of the estimation of one's own worth, (210) of the estimation of one's own worth, (211) of the estimation of one's own worth, (212) of the estimation of one's own worth, (213) of the estimation of one's own worth, (214) of the estimation of one's own worth, (215) of the estimation of one's own worth, (216) of the estimation of one's own worth, (217) of the estimation of one's own worth, (218) of the estimation of one's own worth, (219) of the estimation of one's own worth, (220) of the estimation of one's own worth, (221) of the estimation of one's own worth, (222) of the estimation of one's own worth, (223) of the estimation of one's own worth, (224) of the estimation of one's own worth, (225) of the estimation of one's own worth, (226) of the estimation of one's own worth, (227) of the estimation of one's own worth, (228) of the estimation of one's own worth, (229) of the estimation of one's own worth, (230) of the estimation of one's own worth, (231) of the estimation of one's own worth, (232) of the estimation of one's own worth, (233) of the estimation of one's own worth, (234) of the estimation of one's own worth, (235) of the estimation of one's own worth, (236) of the estimation of one's own worth, (237) of the estimation of one's own worth, (238) of the estimation of one's own worth, (239) of the estimation of one's own worth, (240) of the estimation of one's own worth, (241) of the estimation of one's own worth, (242) of the estimation of one's own worth, (243) of the estimation of one's own worth, (244) of the estimation of one's own worth, (245) of the estimation of one's own worth, (246) of the estimation of one's own worth, (247) of the estimation of one's own worth, (248) of the estimation of one's own worth, (249) of the estimation of one's own worth, (250) of the estimation of one's own worth, (251) of the estimation of one's own worth, (252) of the estimation of one's own worth, (253) of the estimation of one's own worth, (254) of the estimation of one's own worth, (255) of the estimation of one's own worth, (256) of the estimation of one's own worth, (257) of the estimation of one's own worth, (258) of the estimation of one's own worth, (259) of the estimation of one's own worth, (260) of the estimation of one's own worth, (261) of the estimation of one's own worth, (262) of the estimation of one's own worth, (263) of the estimation of one's own worth, (264) of the estimation of one's own worth, (265) of the estimation of one's own worth, (266) of the estimation of one's own worth, (267) of the estimation of one's own worth, (268) of the estimation of one's own worth, (269) of the estimation of one's own worth, (270) of the estimation of one's own worth, (271) of the estimation of one's own worth, (272) of the estimation of one's own worth, (273) of the estimation of one's own worth, (274) of the estimation of one's own worth, (275) of the estimation of one's own worth, (276) of the estimation of one's own worth, (277) of the estimation of one's own worth, (278) of the estimation of one's own worth, (279) of the estimation of one's own worth, (280) of the estimation of one's own worth, (281) of the estimation of one's own worth, (282) of the estimation of one's own worth, (283) of the estimation of one's own worth, (284) of the estimation of one's own worth, (285) of the estimation of one's own worth, (286) of the estimation of one's own worth, (287) of the estimation of one's own worth, (288) of the estimation of one's own worth, (289) of the estimation of one's own worth, (290) of the estimation of one's own worth, (291) of the estimation of one's own worth, (292) of the estimation of one's own worth, (293) of the estimation of one's own worth, (294) of the estimation of one's own worth, (295) of the estimation of one's own worth, (296) of the estimation of one's own worth, (297) of the estimation of one's own worth, (298) of the estimation of one's own worth, (299) of the estimation of one's own worth, (300) of the estimation of one's own worth, (301) of the estimation of one's own worth, (302) of the estimation of one's own worth, (303) of the estimation of one's own worth, (304) of the estimation of one's own worth, (305) of the estimation of one's own worth, (306) of the estimation of one's own worth, (307) of the estimation of one's own worth, (308) of the estimation of one's own worth, (309) of the estimation of one's own worth, (310) of the estimation of one's own worth, (311) of the estimation of one's own worth, (312) of the estimation of one's own worth, (313) of the estimation of one's own worth, (314) of the estimation of one's own worth, (315) of the estimation of one's own worth, (316) of the estimation of one's own worth, (317) of the estimation of one's own worth, (318) of the estimation of one's own worth, (319) of the estimation of one's own worth, (320) of the estimation of one's own worth, (321) of the estimation of one's own worth, (322) of the estimation of one's own worth, (323) of the estimation of one's own worth, (324) of the estimation of one's own worth, (325) of the estimation of one's own worth, (326) of the estimation of one's own worth, (327) of the estimation of one's own worth, (328) of the estimation of one's own worth, (329) of the estimation of one's own worth, (330) of the estimation of one's own worth, (331) of the estimation of one's own worth, (332) of the estimation of one's own worth, (333) of the estimation of one's own worth, (334) of the estimation of one's own worth, (335) of the estimation of one's own worth, (336) of the estimation of one's own worth, (337) of the estimation of one's own worth, (338) of the estimation of one's own worth, (339) of the estimation of one's own worth, (340) of the estimation of one's own worth, (341) of the estimation of one's own worth, (342) of the estimation of one's own worth, (343) of the estimation of one's own worth, (344) of the estimation of one's own worth, (345) of the estimation of one's own worth, (346) of the estimation of one's own worth, (347) of the estimation of one's own worth, (348) of the estimation of one's own worth, (349) of the estimation of one's own worth, (350) of the estimation of one's own worth, (351) of the estimation of one's own worth, (352) of the estimation of one's own worth, (353) of the estimation of one's own worth, (354) of the estimation of one's own worth, (355) of the estimation of one's own worth, (356) of the estimation of one's own worth, (357) of the estimation of one's own worth, (358) of the estimation of one's own worth, (359) of the estimation of one's own worth, (360) of the estimation of one's own worth, (361) of the estimation of one's own worth, (362) of the estimation of one's own worth, (363) of the estimation of one's own worth, (364) of the estimation of one's own worth, (365) of the estimation of one's own worth, (366) of the estimation of one's own worth, (367) of the estimation of one's own worth, (368) of the estimation of one's own worth, (369) of the estimation of one's own worth, (370) of the estimation of one's own worth, (371) of the estimation of one's own worth, (372) of the estimation of one's own worth, (373) of the estimation of one's own worth, (374) of the estimation of one's own worth, (375) of the estimation of one's own worth, (376) of the estimation of one's own worth, (377) of the estimation of one's own worth, (378) of the estimation of one's own worth, (379) of the estimation of one's own worth, (380) of the estimation of one's own worth, (381) of the estimation of one's own worth, (382) of the estimation of one's own worth, (383) of the estimation of one's own worth, (384) of the estimation of one's own worth, (385) of the estimation of one's own worth, (386) of the estimation of one's own worth, (387) of the estimation of one's own worth, (388) of the estimation of one's own worth, (389) of the estimation of one's own worth, (390) of the estimation of one's own worth, (391) of the estimation of one's own worth, (392) of the estimation of one's own worth, (393) of the estimation of one's own worth, (394) of the estimation of one's own worth, (395) of the estimation of one's own worth, (396) of the estimation of one's own worth, (397) of the estimation of one's own worth, (398) of the estimation of one's own worth, (399) of the estimation of one's own worth, (400) of the estimation of one's own worth, (401) of the estimation of one's own worth, (402) of the estimation of one's own worth, (403) of the estimation of one's own worth, (404) of the estimation of one's own worth, (405) of the estimation of one's own worth, (406) of the estimation of one's own worth, (407) of the estimation of one's own worth, (408) of the estimation of one's own worth, (409) of the estimation of one's own worth, (410) of the estimation of one's own worth, (411) of the estimation of one's own worth, (412) of the estimation of one's own worth, (413) of the estimation of one's own worth, (414) of the estimation of one's own worth, (415) of the estimation of one's own worth, (416) of the estimation of one's own worth, (417) of the estimation of one's own worth, (418) of the estimation of one's own worth, (419) of the estimation of one's own worth, (420) of the estimation of one's own worth, (421) of the estimation of one's own worth, (422) of the estimation of one's own worth, (423) of the estimation of one's own worth, (424) of the estimation of one's own worth, (425) of the estimation of one's own worth, (426) of the estimation of one's own worth, (427) of the estimation of one's own worth, (428) of the estimation of one's own worth, (429) of the estimation of one's own worth, (430) of the estimation of one's own worth, (431) of the estimation of one's own worth, (432) of the estimation of one's own worth, (433) of the estimation of one's own worth, (434) of the estimation of one's own worth, (435) of the estimation of one's own worth, (436) of the estimation of one's own worth, (437) of the estimation of one's own worth, (438) of the estimation of one's own worth, (439) of the estimation of one's own worth, (440) of the estimation of one's own worth, (441) of the estimation of one's own worth, (442) of the estimation of one's own worth, (443) of the estimation of one's own worth, (444) of the estimation of one's own worth, (445) of the estimation of one's own worth, (446) of the estimation of one's own worth, (447) of the estimation of one's own worth, (448) of the estimation of one's own worth, (449) of the estimation of one's own worth, (450) of the estimation of one's own worth, (451) of the estimation of one's own worth, (452) of the estimation of one's own worth, (453) of the estimation of one's own worth, (454) of the estimation of one's own worth, (455) of the estimation of one's own worth, (456) of the estimation of one's own worth, (457) of the estimation of one's own worth, (458) of the estimation of one's own worth, (459) of the estimation of one's own worth, (460) of the estimation of one's own worth, (461) of the estimation of one's own worth, (462) of the estimation of one's own worth, (463) of the estimation of one's own worth, (464) of the estimation of one's own worth, (465) of the estimation of one's own worth, (466) of the estimation of one's own worth, (467) of the estimation of one's own worth, (468) of the estimation of one's own worth, (469) of the estimation of one's own worth, (470) of the estimation of one's own worth, (471) of the estimation of one's own worth, (472) of the estimation of one's own worth, (473) of the estimation of one's own worth, (474) of the estimation of one's own worth, (475) of the estimation of one's own worth, (476) of the estimation of one's own worth, (477) of the estimation of one's own worth, (478) of the estimation of one's own worth, (479) of the estimation of one's own worth, (480) of the estimation of one's own worth, (481) of the estimation of one's own worth, (482) of the estimation of one's own worth, (483) of the estimation of one's own worth, (484) of the estimation of one's own worth, (485) of the estimation of one's own worth, (486) of the estimation of one's own worth, (487) of the estimation of one's own worth, (488) of the estimation of one's own worth, (489) of the estimation of one's own worth, (490) of the estimation of one's own worth, (491) of the estimation of one's own worth, (492) of the estimation of one's own worth, (493) of the estimation of one's own worth, (494) of the estimation of one's own worth, (495) of the estimation of one's own worth, (496) of the estimation of one's own worth, (497) of the estimation of one's own worth, (498) of the estimation of one's own worth, (499) of the estimation of one's own worth, (500) of the estimation of one's own worth, (501) of the estimation of one's own worth, (502) of the estimation of one's own worth, (503) of the estimation of one's own worth, (504) of the estimation of one's own worth, (505) of the estimation of one's own worth, (506) of the estimation of one's own worth, (507) of the estimation of one's own worth, (508) of the estimation of one's own worth, (509) of the estimation of one's own worth, (510) of the estimation of one's own worth, (511) of the estimation of one's own worth, (512) of the estimation of one's own worth, (513) of the estimation of one's own worth, (514) of the estimation of one's own worth, (515) of the estimation of one's own worth, (516) of the estimation of one's own worth, (517) of the estimation of one's own worth, (518) of the estimation of one's own worth, (519) of the estimation of one's own worth, (520) of the estimation of one's own worth, (521) of the estimation of one's own worth, (522) of the estimation of one's own worth, (523) of the estimation of one's own worth, (524) of the estimation of one's own worth, (525) of the estimation of one's own worth, (526) of the estimation of one's own worth, (527) of the estimation of one's own worth, (528) of the estimation of one's own worth, (529) of the estimation of one's own worth, (530) of the estimation of one's own worth, (531) of the estimation of one's own worth, (532) of the estimation of one's own worth, (533) of the estimation of one's own worth, (534) of the estimation of one's own worth, (535) of the estimation of one's own worth, (536) of the estimation

The Beautiful Mrs. Cary's Third Ambitious Romance

As Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne, Wife of the Belgian Ambassador, She Becomes, at Last, a Power in American Fashionable Society, Ending with Triumph Her Twenty-Year Campaign for First Social Honors

THE marriage in Paris last month of Mrs. Hamilton Wilkes Cary, divorced wife of Elihu B. Frost, of New York, and Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, Belgian Minister to this country, marks what will undoubtedly prove to be beautiful Mrs. Cary's full triumph after twenty years' campaigning to conquer New York's fashionable society.

Baroness would have delighted in adding another book to his "Famille Humaine" from the notes he could have taken of that fray.

Once upon a time a pretty little Boston girl, Marie Dowd, of no fortune, of many ambitions, eager to become a big frog in the biggest pond of all, she will return to New York a really, truly baroness and with such power that those who had steadily belied her ambitions may find much time to regret their attitude. Or it may be that the baroness will be magnanimous and be content with victory without punitive damages.

As Mrs. Elihu Frost, wife of a multi-millionaire, she fought constantly and bravely with the power of money to make a breach through fashionable society's walls. But then the keys were held by old Mrs. Astor, than whom no more strict discipline ever ruled New York's social destinies.

Her Rem divorce enabled her in Harry Hamilton Cary, a nephew of Mrs. William Astor and a man whose social position was of the best American kind, to make society accept her—and then she went to France to go into work.

Now she returns to the scene of her early battles and becomes not only a baroness, but the wife of the Belgian Ambassador. As Belgium has just raised its flag in the world, the former little Boston girl will take precedence in Washington of the wife of the former British Ambassador, and will undoubtedly in time become the dowry of the diplomatic corps.

Surely in her wildest childish dream Mary Dowd did not see herself in her present proud position.

King Albert of Belgium, in honor of the marriage, revived the ancient title of Baron de Cartier which had fallen in abeyance at the time of the French Revolution, a title far outranking that of de Marchienne.

The story of this twenty-year fight to win a place in the social sunlight recalls the story of another little New England girl who mastered the secrets of social success and as Mrs. Paran Stevens became the leader of New York and Newport society and married her daughter to Arthur Paget of England. In her fight Mrs. Stevens had to overcome the fact that she had been a factory hand in the New England shoe factory. She did not, however, have in step forward by way of the Reno divorce court.

A little more than twenty years ago, when Elihu Frost brought his bride to New York, society both in New York and Newport was still dominated by the Astor tradition. Being a clever money maker did not qualify a man, especially if married to an unknown wife, for a place at Mrs. Astor's table.

Mrs. Frost was utterly unknown; in fact, neither she nor her husband related, so far as Mrs. Astor was concerned. The bride was clever enough to have no illusions regarding the job she had set out for herself. She did not, like Mrs. Stevens, aspire to be a leader, but she did want and likewise intend to become an important member of society.

She began her New York drive by taking a house in the middle thirties and supplying herself with a wardrobe that speedily made her conspicuous, even in New York. Then she subscribed to orchestra seats at the opera and to every form of social affair to which money was an open sesame.

Twenty years ago New York talked in simpler terms than it does today. A subscription of five hundred dollars, to a benefit arranged by society created a bigger noise than it does today. The woman who did it was bound to be talked about. Mrs. Frost not only gave right and left, but she persuaded her husband to follow her up with further donations. In this way she became known, as a name, to women of social standing who had plenty of time to grind and cared little who ground them. They accepted her money, but not herself.

Gradually Mrs. Frost acquired several good and women acquaintances of good social position who were glad to eat her food and help her spend her money. When a dozen or two such people came to her house the lady assumed that her success was sure. For all her cleverness, she did

not realize, for many months, that she was being used by men and women who could or would do nothing to assist her game.

The fact that Mrs. Astor invited these cynophants to her large balls blinded Mrs. Frost's eyes to the truth. Of course, their names were on Mrs. Astor's list; they were born to that honor; but neither in wealth nor luxury or did they live up to it; they were simply beggars at the feast, with not an iota of influence. Mrs. Frost squandered a fortune in cultivating them, but all she got out of it for five years were chances to subscribe to certain smart charities and what not.

Fifteen years ago—in the Winter of 1904, to be exact—Mrs. Frost took a count of stock and decided that she was being steadily "done" by her new friends, she found that half a dozen women had given her name to women of fashion and importance as an "easy mark" who journeyed only to subscribe to their charities.

In this way these cynophants paid their social debts while making Mrs. Frost feel that they were trying to place her in society. Five years wasted!

But, after all, the ambitious lady had learned something—which was to accept the situation gracefully and charge the fortune scattered up to profit and loss. A Summer social position mouse noting: It is one's Winter background that counts, and Mrs. Frost realized this and sent her Summers in Europe, acquiring a knowledge of French, Italian and human nature.

The five years were therefore not entirely wasted. With rare courage Mrs. Frost dropped her worst offenders among her followers and then put the matter frankly before one of her husband's business associates. He said bluntly: "When I can't put over a thing myself I hire someone else to do it for me." The result was the engaging of a well-known social secretary to engineer her future. This woman had made the social careers of a dozen important Newporters, made them so well that the lucky climbers now consider themselves as the very foundations of Newport society.

The first plan that fell to Mrs. Frost was an invitation to the wedding and reception of Miss Florence Twombly and William A. M. Butler. This was a great achievement. Invitations to fashionable church weddings are not so very difficult to secure. It is the reception that counts, especially such a reception as would be given for the daughter of H. McK. Twombly, in the Fifth Avenue mansion. Mrs. Twombly was a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt and a sister of the late Cornelius and William K. Vanderbilt.

The day of the wedding arrived and Mrs. Frost now made one of the greatest mistakes of her life. The passing years had developed her from a pretty bride into a strikingly beautiful woman with a decided talent for the wearing of clothes.

For the Twombly wedding, when she would be on parade before the ultra-cynical clutches of New York, Newport, Washington

The Beautiful Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne, Formerly Mrs. H. Milton Wilkes Cary, and Before That Mrs. Elihu B. Frost. Beside Her Is the Belgian Ambassador.



Her Latest Husband, Who May Shortly Become the Dean of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps at Washington

Copyright, 1925, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.



INTERNATIONAL PICTURE SERVICE

An Extremely Interesting Photograph of Mrs. Cary Back to Back with Mrs. O. H. F. Belmont at a Horse Show—A Pictorial Symbolism of the Conditions Against Which She Fought So Long and Ably, Shows in She Her Baron to Whom She Is Wedded, Reversing This Picture, As Her Marriage to Him Most Certainly Has Done.

you and Bar Hixxor, she ordered a breath-taking outfit. She burst into flower-filled, darkened St. Thomas's Church upon it like a second Marie Antoinette in her death-dress costume.

One of her cynophant friends, it seems, had discovered Mrs. Frost's resemblance to France's unhappy queen, and urged her always to dress like her majesty!

This lady frequently did at home and it was becoming. A conservative church wedding, however, in the Vanderbilt family, Mrs. Frost threw up her hands in despair, but finally promised to stay on the job a little longer. A new campaign was started which called for Mrs. Frost's assistance. By hook or by crook the wives of men with whom he had financial dealings were persuaded to call upon Mrs. Frost, and this marked a new era in American society—an era in which finance was called upon to play the social game. A few years later St. H. Harriman played the game to a finish, and made as great a killing on Fifth Avenue as any he ever made on the Street.

Mrs. Frost, more beautiful than ever, was now known as the best-dressed woman in New York! She put her faith in quiet but sumptuous clothes, and her appearance at the Opera or at Sherby's always created a real sensation. But never again did she attempt to look like Marie Antoinette.

The second five years found her circulating about well with the other social wags. Mrs. Astor had died, and Mrs. Stuyvesant proved herself more liberal. She even went so far as to include Mrs. Frost in one of her "One Hundred and Eighty" dances, which means a ball given for some three hundred and eighty guests, not to mention the personally unknown to the hostess.

This, of course, did not satisfy Mrs. Frost; her lovely brown eyes gave clear visions to the constable she met Hamilton Wilkes Cary and suddenly developed a distaste for Elihu Frost. Here, finally, were all the old friends for a domestic smash-up—the eternal triangle.

Cary was not only kin to Colonel John Jacob Astor—he was one of the best known and most popular men in New York, a successful and a rich man. His life held its tragedy, too. Ten years before Mrs. Frost had been introduced to the latter with a young widow, Mrs. Morell, a daughter of Mr. Helen T. Bostwick and sister of Albert C. Bostwick.

Mrs. Morell had a large fortune in her own right and incidentally was engaged to marry another man in New York, a fortunate lover and absolutely refused to take no for an answer. Within a month he lost the other man to the latter with the charming widow.

For three years his wife happily and he himself was completely satisfied to drink. In 1910 she was declared mentally unfit to manage her own affairs. She died a year later after a period of frightful sorrow and unhappiness. This experience saddened

Cary so noticeably that his only sister, Miss Kate Cary, of Lenox, and his intimate friends decided that he would never marry again. His sudden interest in Mrs. Frost two years later was therefore not taken seriously.

In April, 1909, Mrs. Frost left her home and husband without his consent and went to Reno. She secured her divorce on December 16, and within three days was speeding toward New York. Society had forgotten all about the beautiful Mrs. Frost when a report was published the day before Christmas that Cary had met the divorcee at a station two hundred miles east of Reno and married her on the train. This report turned out to be false, for it was not until January 1 that the widower and the divorcee were married.

As wife of "Herk" Cary, the bride expected to gain her long desired goal. But alas! The most discouraging years of all were facing her for she was in that blackest of social holes, she was in society but not of it. Cary took a house in Newport, and made a valiant effort to have the colony accept his wife. As of old, she was ways and means, and she was ways and means.

But it was all done in about the way one throws a bone to a stray dog. When Winter came there was no effort to win New York. The couple went to Palm Beach and there Mrs. Cary was really in her element. It was no trouble at all to become the leader of Palm Beach society, and her success was immediate.

Until Mr. Cary did two years ago the couple went their weary round—Newport, Lenox, where Kate Cary lived; Palm Beach and White Sulphur.

Mrs. Cary was not giving up her New York career. She was simply making a noble effort to live down her divorce and make a few solid friends in Newport and Lenox. Cary's death was the final knock-out, for it came just when she was ready to make another assault on New York. But fate seemed ever against her. If society did not accept Mrs. Cary, what chance did she have as his widow?

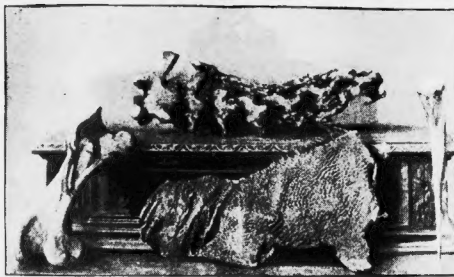
When her affairs were straightened out Mrs. Cary took her large fortune and went to France to do her work. There she met the charming Baron de Cartier de Marchienne.

The Baron also had a domestic history. Years ago, when Baron de Marchienne was Belgian Minister to this country, the Carys were sympathetic to the legislation. He fell in love with Alice Draper Colburn, a niece of General W. F. Draper, and a great success. During the engagement her health failed and she was sent to Liberville, N. Y., for treatment. While there the Baron loved and they were happy together until her death.

Until meeting Mrs. Cary the Baron had displayed no interest in any woman since the death of his wife. His marriage was therefore a great surprise all around.

And so the little New England girl is at last, after twenty years, realizing her ambitions. It has been a weary toil and one filled with tragedy and heartbreaks, but her victory is complete. She will be of the haute circuit not only in New York and Washington, but in Brussels, Paris, even in London! To have attained all this surely a woman would strive much.

Battled For Life with Bird 20 Feet High



Fossil Remains of the Moa Showing the Elephant-like Hide and the Tremendous Backbone and a Part of the Leg. The Vertebrae Shown in This Photograph Measure Almost 2 Feet Through.

Science
Discusses the
Astonish-
ing En-
counter of
an English
Explorer
with a

Supposedly Extinct Moa and Prepares to Send an Expedition to Investigate His Story

By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

NOT for many years has science had presented to it so interesting or so suggestive an experience as that of Dr. Ivan Levey, a British explorer who has just returned from an expedition in New Zealand, where he met and was forced to battle for his life with a giant bird long believed to be extinct. Brief announcements of Dr. Levey's fight with the monster have come from London and can now be amplified by his personal recital to scientific bodies there. Indeed, so great is the interest aroused that plans are being made to send an expedition as soon as New Zealand to the locality described by the explorer to try to secure, if possible, a living specimen.

Incidentally, his story opens up again the question of the possibility of other monsters, though long vanished, but which tales of travellers and natives in various remote parts of the globe have persistently recorded as still existing.

Scientists, checking up the description of this mammoth bird with which Dr. Levey battled, believe it to have been one of the most gigantic forms of the moa, whose fossils have frequently been dug up on the various islands of the New Zealand group. For years natives of these islands have testified to their existence in unquainted sections, but their stories have never heretofore been confirmed by any credible observer.

According to Dr. Levey's recital, he was making mineral and geological investigations in the mountain near Cape Palliser on Cook's Strait. This is the southernmost extremity of North Island. He had achieved a hazardous ascent one morning up to a fabled land in the mountains. About 1,000 feet above sea level. It was thickly wooded with kauri pine and tree fern, while the underbrush was almost impenetrable.

He had set out for a ledge which promised a reward for his laborious climb, when he was arrested by an unfamiliar, deep-booming sound, apparently coming from the direction of a little clearing in the thick foliage before him. Through the vista he could see the sea shimmering below in the sunlight.

He crept forward to investigate—through the undergrowth which stood waist-high between him and the sun-bathed ledge.

"Just as I stepped forward," he says, "to push through the barrier, there appeared above the brush, not six feet away, what first seemed to me the head of a tremendous reptile. Inch by inch the head rose, higher and higher, seemingly unwinding from a coil. The neck appeared interminable. It then became convulsed that it was not a reptile, but some feathered thing, and I turned to seek a safer haven for observation. I had scarce

turned when it was upon me, jaws as open, emitting a terrific booming roar.

"The huge body bowled me over and a ponderous long-clawed foot crashed my leg deeply. I succeeded in writhing from under its feet and started toward the clearing for the summit ledge. The undergrowth prevented me taking any other direction. I had no sooner risen than I was bowled over again by a slancing blow between the shoulder blades from its great bill and neck. There seemed to be the power of a steam hammer in its long, sinuous neck, and fortunately it did not strike me directly or it would have killed me. Again I was on my back, the heavy feet clanking about my body and the weird head, lowered, pecking at me incessantly. My knife had slipped from its sheath at the first attack, so all the defense I had was my bare hands.

"I secured a firm hold with both hands on the sharp, araly leg which pinned me, and with a twisting wrench I was able to writhle away for a second time. I had a fair start and I dashed headlong through the clearing and across the ledge to the very edge. The thing, again fortunately, did not seem to be able to run fast at all its size. The ledge shelved at an angle of about 45 degrees to a pool of water below. I soon tumbling down the incline for about fifty feet and struck the water. A short and the quickest swim I ever took brought me to the roots of a tall pine tree, which I was about to climb, when I looked back for my terrible adversary. It was gone. It must have stopped at the ledge, however, for I did not catch a glimpse of it again."

Dr. Levey, being then alone, did not wait to carry on any further investigations. He further describes the bird as being from fifteen to twenty feet high, with a neck that seemed to have the power of retracting and elongating in serpent fashion, the body hump and hump, its color brown, wingless, legs massive like an elephant's, with three-toed feet "simply ponderous." Its head was very small. From his description, the bird appears to have been diurnal, maximum, meaning great, terrible bird; but from his description of the legs and feet it would seem to have been nocturnal, maximum, meaning a bird with massive feet like that of the elephant.

These birds belong to the species called moas, and less than a thousand years ago there were some twenty kinds of moas on the islands of New Zealand, which, by the way, were once all one body of land of true continental dimensions.

Of these Moas Levey says:

"The moas were first brought to notice by Bishop W. Colenso, one of the many missionaries to whom science is under obligation. Early in 1838, in the East Cape region, he heard from the natives of Waipapa tales of a monstrous bird called moa.

having the head of a man, that inhabited the mountain side some eighty miles away. This mighty bird was said to be attended by two equally huge dragons, which kept guard while he slept, and on the approach of man wakened the moa, which immediately rushed upon the intruder and trampled him to death. None of the Maoris had ever seen one of the birds, but had seen and somewhat irreverently used for making parts of their fishing tackle bones of its extinct relatives, and these bones they declared to be as large as those of an ox.

"About the same time another missionary, Rev. Richard Taylor, found a bone ascribed to the moa, and met with very similar traditions among the natives of a nearby district, only, as one foot of the rainbow moves away as we move a foot toward it, in this case the bird was said to dwell in quite a different locality from that given by the natives of East Cape."

"While the Maoris were certain the moa still survived, and to depict its existence was little short of a crime, no one had actually seen it, and as time went on and the bird still remained unseen by any explorer, hope became doubt and doubt certainty, until it became a mooted question whether such a bird had existed within the past ten centuries, to say nothing of having lived within the memory of man. The discovery of a few skeletons preserved in exceptionally dry caves on the highlands, which not only had some of the bones still unaltered by the elements, but patches of skin clinging to them and bearing numerous feathers of a chestnut color tipped with white, put a different complexion on the matter. The feathers had been preserved for centuries without any care whatever.

"From the skeletons found at least twenty species of moas were defined, ranging in size from those but little larger than a turkey to the giant dinosaur, maximum, up to fourteen feet high, when the neck is stretched. The ostrich, eight feet tall, may be used as a comparison. Some species of moas were wingless and all species were flightless, the former being void even such vestiges of wings as an found in the casowary or apteryx.

"But if nature deprived these birds of wings, ample amends were made in the way of legs, those of some species, the elephant-footed moa, pachyornis, elephants, for example—being so massively built as to cause one to wonder what the bird used them for, although supposed to be employed for scratching at mounds of ferns on which the moas are believed to have fed. The blow of the foot of an ostrich can knock down a man, what must have been the kicking power of an elephant-footed bird?

"The moas were confined to North and South Islands, few being common to both. Indeed, that the islands have been separated sufficiently long to enable the evolution of species common to each island. Moas were numerous when man saw his appearance in that part of the world, the large deposits of their bones indicate that the birds were on their wane and that natural causes had already reduced the feathered population. A scholar is believed to have wrought their destruction in our great forests, abundant in spruces, their bones occur in such enormous numbers, layer upon layer, that it is thought the birds sought the place where the flowing spruce might afford their feet at least some respite from the biting cold, and there perished miserably by the thousands.

"What nature began man finished, if we may believe the legends of the Maoris, of moas and beasts. Another theory ascribes the extinction of the moas to an earlier race of Maoris, and that after the extinction of the birds cannibalism naturally followed.

The aporri, a bird of equal height,

A Pictorial Re-construction of a Gigantic Moa from Fossil Remains at the Academy of Natural Sciences in New York, as It Appeared to Doctor Levey, According to His Own Description. Science Believes That It Was What Is Known as the Elephant-Footed Form of This Gigantic, Wingless Monster.



The Galapagos Tortoise—A Monster Form Which Sometimes Weighs as Much as Two and Three Tons and is a Descendant of Still Bigger Turtles. He is a Direct Survivor of the Same Pre-historic Families of Monsters to Which the Giant Wingless Birds Belong.

The Dodo—A Bird Which Came Down from Prehistoric Times and Was Destroyed Only About Two Hundred Years Ago. The Dodo Was About Four Times the Size of the Turkey but Its Ancestors Were Even Larger Than the Moa.

Great Hearted Sir J.M. Barrie's Latest Charming Protege'

Lydia Loupokhova Precipitately Leaves Both Art and Husband to Join the Long List of Those Who Have Sought and Found Comfort and Help from England's Most Famous Playwright-Novelist

THE news is cabled from London that Miss Lydia Loupokhova, most lovely and alluring of Russian dancers, has left her husband because he failed in her exquisite nature and artistic possibilities.

That Miss Loupokhova has left her husband is not surprising, for temperamental dancers will do that, but what "intrigues" us is the fact that she has put herself under the spiritual care of Sir James M. Barrie, the noted playwright.

In other words, she has added one to the surprisingly long list of attractive ladies for whose welfare the great-hearted Barrie has made himself responsible in varying degrees. He understands perfectly how to cherish the exquisite flower of artistic talent, how to shelter a tender, poetical womanly nature from contact with a rude, commercial and often brutal world.

Sir James Barrie's value as a guardian of feminine talent is greatly increased by the fact that he has a very large fortune, commonly credited with being the largest ever accumulated by a playwright. "The Little Minister," as most of us know, was a great gold mine, and "Peter Pan" and other works of the author were but little behind in productivity.

Great-hearted Barrie, therefore, can look after his proteges in a material way, can write successful plays for them, and can guide their careers in any path of art until the goal of success is reached.

But what a surprising number of promising but sensitive young women artists Sir James must have on his hands! Can any one man be equal to the burden, especially when he undertakes his duties in such a conscientious and thoroughgoing spirit as this author?

His first great problem was the case of his divorced wife, Mary Ansell, who left him to marry a man younger than herself. Sir James had to watch over her while she was making this dangerous experiment, and then when she could not get along with her young husband he still felt responsible for her.

Then there was pretty Pauline Chase,

Mrs. Pat Campbell, the Gifted Actress, Who Was Having a Hard Time Until Great-Hearted Barrie Rushed to Her Rescue.

On her first appearance in New York in 1915 she made a tremendous hit. A prominent New York dramatic critic, Mr. Heywood Hunt, wrote about her on enthusiastically that appreciation led to a meeting, which rapidly resulted in an engagement to marry.

Perhaps on closer acquaintance Miss Loupokhova found that Mr. Hunt did not appreciate Russian dancing as perfectly as his first criticism suggested. At any rate, the engagement was broken suddenly.

Then Miss Loupokhova went to London and married the Signor Barocki, who managed her wonderfully successful performances at the Alhambra Theatre. But the other day, quite suddenly, she left him because he showed some lack of spiritual and artistic perception.

Signor Barocki in despair fled to Italy, caring naught about the shortage of food in that land.

Then it was announced that Miss Lydia Loupokhova would appear in a new playlet written specially for her by Sir James Barrie. She had abandoned the Russian ballet.

As in so many other cases the lovely dancer has found the distinguished author the one man capable of soothing the hurts of an injured woman in his "Sentimental Tommy" and other works Barrie has shown an amazing knowledge of woman

nature, a knowledge, it is said, possessed by no other man. Everybody knows that "Sentimental Tommy" is the author himself.

He is the soul of honor and delicacy. He is utterly unselfish. He must not be classed for a moment with the late admired but entirely different Nat Goodwin.

Barrie is credited with the beautiful conception that when once a man has aroused the flame of love in a woman's heart he must cherish that flame forever, no matter whom it may be warming for the moment.

The world was first made aware of Sir James's transcendental philosophy of love when his case for divorce against his wife came before the courts. He didn't want to bring the suit, but she forced him, and her welfare was his only thought.

Mrs. Barrie was his only thought. Mrs. Barrie, whom the author met when she played in his first dramatic success, "The Professor's Love Story,"

They had no children, but lived in apparent happiness together until 1908, when they made the acquaintance of Gilbert Cannan, a playwright and author of no particular talent, but a rather handsome and vigorous young man. It was the movement to reform the dramatic censorship that brought Barrie and Cannan together.

Barrie afterwards produced a comedy called "Everybody's Husband." Mrs. Barrie liked the young author so much that her husband lent him the use of his pretty cottage at Farnham, Surrey.

The wife's liking for the young man became so marked that even Mr. Barrie, absorbed as he was in artistic work and philosophical introspection, could not help notice it, and he was led to question her. She admitted that she loved the other man.

"I told her," testified Barrie in the subsequent divorce proceedings, "that if she would remain content I would forgive her, and she could come back and no one would know anything about it, but she said how much more ignoble it would be to come back knowing that Cannan was the only person in the world for her."

Barrie went as his wife confessed the true state of her heart. He gave her ample time for consideration, but she forced him to take the action for divorce, when he quickly obeyed.

After the divorce Barrie busied himself making provisions for his former wife's welfare. He agreed to settle a large sum, said to be \$250,000 on her, on condition that Cannan should marry her. He placed in their disposition a country house and a town house at Lansdowne Gate in London.

In the year following the divorce, Barrie was made a baronet by the King in recognition of his success as a writer and dramatist.

Mrs. Barrie married young Cannan, and it is understood that Barrie continued to watch over the happiness of his former wife. But her second matrimonial experiment did not prove a success. After a year of married life her young husband left her, having found a new attraction. She appeared in court again and obtained a divorce.

Positive assertions were published that

Barrie, the Chivalrous, Unselfish, Immensely Wealthy Playwright.

Mary Ansell, Formerly Mrs. Barrie, Whom the Author Liberally Cherished When She Married Another Man.

Miss Polly Chase, Whom Barrie Raised from a "Pink Pajama Girl," to Be a Legitimate Comedienne and His Adopted Daughter.

the dramatic wished to marry his wife, for whom he had never ceased to care, but perhaps she thought that he had too much on his hands already.

In addition to the fair hardens already mentioned there are others for whom Barrie has cared in a less degree. Never can he behold beauty whether in distress or not, without seeking to do some unselfish act that will add to her happiness.

Maxine Elliott went to London, and Barrie, attracted by her statuesque beauty, wrote a play for her that established her success. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, although a gifted actress, had been having hard luck for many years. Barrie sympathized with her and wrote a play for her that put her on her feet financially.

Recently Barrie took Miss Marie Correll's Scotch home of her hands at a high rent, in spite of the fact that the distinguished and venerable authoress had always been known as a pitiless critic of men.

It need hardly be recalled that when he wrote "Peter Pan" for Polly Chase he made a fortune for her and elevated the former show girl to be a brilliant comedienne. To complete his benefactions he adopted her as a daughter, and that led to her marriage to a wealthy English banker of noble connections.

Although Barrie's varied interest in the fair sex was widely known, there was quite a little shock of surprise when this man of genius, honored by the King, and the favorite comedy writer of fashionable society, began to devote his attention to Gaby Deslys, the dancer and Parisian comeresse's daughter, who, whatever her merits, had certainly not appealed to the most intellectual side of man.

In order to enjoy the full benefit of Sir James Barrie's interest in her, Miss Gaby relinquished her partnership with her dancing partner, Harry Pilch, with whom she had performed some of the most remarkable contortions ever seen on the stage. Perhaps the most artistic performance given by the pair represented the murder of an amorous of a Parisian "Apache."

Sir James Barrie set himself to write something redoubtable for Miss Gaby, but not too much in "The Little Minister" vein of pious humor. With these ends in view, he

produced a remarkable piece called "The Rapture, the Pride on the Beauty's Chorus." It was described as a burlesque in seven acts, and was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in London, under the late Charles Frohman's management.

It was a very elaborate and spectacular production, consisting of a medley of skits on different types of stage plays, with a story of domestic and angular relations running through it.

Gaby Deslys, of course, played the lead role. She was flanked by Harry Pilch, and also looked it. She burlesqued tragedy and comedy, danced the foxtrot and sang duets. The programme composed by Sir James Barrie described her in one scene as leading "a disadventurously moving chorus."

Perhaps the most significant feature of the show was that Sir James Barrie bore the entire cost of production.

Cynical persons in England and America have the habit of speaking satirically of great-hearted Barrie's sentimental reactions. They speak as though his acts and proteges took everything from him and gave him nothing. But who can measure the rewards of the author? Who can say that the entire playwright derives no happiness from acts which gross and worldly persons can enjoy?

In any case, the eminent author obtains invaluable material for books and plays.

Barrie is credited with the beautiful conception that when once a man has aroused the flame of love in a woman's heart he must cherish that flame forever, no matter whom it may be warming for the moment.

The world was first made aware of Sir James's transcendental philosophy of love when his case for divorce against his wife came before the courts. He didn't want to bring the suit, but she forced him, and her welfare was his only thought.

Mrs. Barrie was his only thought. Mrs. Barrie, whom the author met when she played in his first dramatic success, "The Professor's Love Story,"

They had no children, but lived in apparent happiness together until 1908, when they made the acquaintance of Gilbert Cannan, a playwright and author of no particular talent, but a rather handsome and vigorous young man. It was the movement to reform the dramatic censorship that brought Barrie and Cannan together.

Barrie afterwards produced a comedy called "Everybody's Husband." Mrs. Barrie liked the young author so much that her husband lent him the use of his pretty cottage at Farnham, Surrey.

The wife's liking for the young man became so marked that even Mr. Barrie, absorbed as he was in artistic work and philosophical introspection, could not help notice it, and he was led to question her. She admitted that she loved the other man.

"I told her," testified Barrie in the subsequent divorce proceedings, "that if she would remain content I would forgive her, and she could come back and no one would know anything about it, but she said how much more ignoble it would be to come back knowing that Cannan was the only person in the world for her."

Barrie went as his wife confessed the true state of her heart. He gave her ample time for consideration, but she forced him to take the action for divorce, when he quickly obeyed.

After the divorce Barrie busied himself making provisions for his former wife's welfare. He agreed to settle a large sum, said to be \$250,000 on her, on condition that Cannan should marry her. He placed in their disposition a country house and a town house at Lansdowne Gate in London.

In the year following the divorce, Barrie was made a baronet by the King in recognition of his success as a writer and dramatist.

Mrs. Barrie married young Cannan, and it is understood that Barrie continued to watch over the happiness of his former wife. But her second matrimonial experiment did not prove a success. After a year of married life her young husband left her, having found a new attraction. She appeared in court again and obtained a divorce.

Positive assertions were published that

Barrie, the Chivalrous, Unselfish, Immensely Wealthy Playwright.

Mary Ansell, Formerly Mrs. Barrie, Whom the Author Liberally Cherished When She Married Another Man.

Miss Polly Chase, Whom Barrie Raised from a "Pink Pajama Girl," to Be a Legitimate Comedienne and His Adopted Daughter.

Mrs. Pat Campbell, the Gifted Actress, Who Was Having a Hard Time Until Great-Hearted Barrie Rushed to Her Rescue.

On her first appearance in New York in 1915 she made a tremendous hit. A prominent New York dramatic critic, Mr. Heywood Hunt, wrote about her on enthusiastically that appreciation led to a meeting, which rapidly resulted in an engagement to marry.

Perhaps on closer acquaintance Miss Loupokhova found that Mr. Hunt did not appreciate Russian dancing as perfectly as his first criticism suggested. At any rate, the engagement was broken suddenly.

Then Miss Loupokhova went to London and married the Signor Barocki, who managed her wonderfully successful performances at the Alhambra Theatre. But the other day, quite suddenly, she left him because he showed some lack of spiritual and artistic perception.

Signor Barocki in despair fled to Italy, caring naught about the shortage of food in that land.

Then it was announced that Miss Lydia Loupokhova would appear in a new playlet written specially for her by Sir James Barrie. She had abandoned the Russian ballet.

As in so many other cases the lovely dancer has found the distinguished author the one man capable of soothing the hurts of an injured woman in his "Sentimental Tommy" and other works Barrie has shown an amazing knowledge of woman

nature, a knowledge, it is said, possessed by no other man. Everybody knows that "Sentimental Tommy" is the author himself.

He is the soul of honor and delicacy. He is utterly unselfish. He must not be classed for a moment with the late admired but entirely different Nat Goodwin.

Barrie is credited with the beautiful conception that when once a man has aroused the flame of love in a woman's heart he must cherish that flame forever, no matter whom it may be warming for the moment.

The world was first made aware of Sir James's transcendental philosophy of love when his case for divorce against his wife came before the courts. He didn't want to bring the suit, but she forced him, and her welfare was his only thought.

Mrs. Barrie was his only thought. Mrs. Barrie, whom the author met when she played in his first dramatic success, "The Professor's Love Story,"

They had no children, but lived in apparent happiness together until 1908, when they made the acquaintance of Gilbert Cannan, a playwright and author of no particular talent, but a rather handsome and vigorous young man. It was the movement to reform the dramatic censorship that brought Barrie and Cannan together.

Barrie afterwards produced a comedy called "Everybody's Husband." Mrs. Barrie liked the young author so much that her husband lent him the use of his pretty cottage at Farnham, Surrey.

The wife's liking for the young man became so marked that even Mr. Barrie, absorbed as he was in artistic work and philosophical introspection, could not help notice it, and he was led to question her. She admitted that she loved the other man.

"I told her," testified Barrie in the subsequent divorce proceedings, "that if she would remain content I would forgive her, and she could come back and no one would know anything about it, but she said how much more ignoble it would be to come back knowing that Cannan was the only person in the world for her."

Barrie went as his wife confessed the true state of her heart. He gave her ample time for consideration, but she forced him to take the action for divorce, when he quickly obeyed.

After the divorce Barrie busied himself making provisions for his former wife's welfare. He agreed to settle a large sum, said to be \$250,000 on her, on condition that Cannan should marry her. He placed in their disposition a country house and a town house at Lansdowne Gate in London.

In the year following the divorce, Barrie was made a baronet by the King in recognition of his success as a writer and dramatist.

Mrs. Barrie married young Cannan, and it is understood that Barrie continued to watch over the happiness of his former wife. But her second matrimonial experiment did not prove a success. After a year of married life her young husband left her, having found a new attraction. She appeared in court again and obtained a divorce.

Positive assertions were published that

Barrie, the Chivalrous, Unselfish, Immensely Wealthy Playwright.

Mary Ansell, Formerly Mrs. Barrie, Whom the Author Liberally Cherished When She Married Another Man.

Miss Polly Chase, Whom Barrie Raised from a "Pink Pajama Girl," to Be a Legitimate Comedienne and His Adopted Daughter.

Mrs. Pat Campbell, the Gifted Actress, Who Was Having a Hard Time Until Great-Hearted Barrie Rushed to Her Rescue.

On her first appearance in New York in 1915 she made a tremendous hit. A prominent New York dramatic critic, Mr. Heywood Hunt, wrote about her on enthusiastically that appreciation led to a meeting, which rapidly resulted in an engagement to marry.

Perhaps on closer acquaintance Miss Loupokhova found that Mr. Hunt did not appreciate Russian dancing as perfectly as his first criticism suggested. At any rate, the engagement was broken suddenly.

Then Miss Loupokhova went to London and married the Signor Barocki, who managed her wonderfully successful performances at the Alhambra Theatre. But the other day, quite suddenly, she left him because he showed some lack of spiritual and artistic perception.

Signor Barocki in despair fled to Italy, caring naught about the shortage of food in that land.

Then it was announced that Miss Lydia Loupokhova would appear in a new playlet written specially for her by Sir James Barrie. She had abandoned the Russian ballet.

As in so many other cases the lovely dancer has found the distinguished author the one man capable of soothing the hurts of an injured woman in his "Sentimental Tommy" and other works Barrie has shown an amazing knowledge of woman

nature, a knowledge, it is said, possessed by no other man. Everybody knows that "Sentimental Tommy" is the author himself.

He is the soul of honor and delicacy. He is utterly unselfish. He must not be classed for a moment with the late admired but entirely different Nat Goodwin.

Barrie is credited with the beautiful conception that when once a man has aroused the flame of love in a woman's heart he must cherish that flame forever, no matter whom it may be warming for the moment.

The world was first made aware of Sir James's transcendental philosophy of love when his case for divorce against his wife came before the courts. He didn't want to bring the suit, but she forced him, and her welfare was his only thought.

Mrs. Barrie was his only thought. Mrs. Barrie, whom the author met when she played in his first dramatic success, "The Professor's Love Story,"

They had no children, but lived in apparent happiness together until 1908, when they made the acquaintance of Gilbert Cannan, a playwright and author of no particular talent, but a rather handsome and vigorous young man. It was the movement to reform the dramatic censorship that brought Barrie and Cannan together.

Barrie afterwards produced a comedy called "Everybody's Husband." Mrs. Barrie liked the young author so much that her husband lent him the use of his pretty cottage at Farnham, Surrey.

The wife's liking for the young man became so marked that even Mr. Barrie, absorbed as he was in artistic work and philosophical introspection, could not help notice it, and he was led to question her. She admitted that she loved the other man.

"I told her," testified Barrie in the subsequent divorce proceedings, "that if she would remain content I would forgive her, and she could come back and no one would know anything about it, but she said how much more ignoble it would be to come back knowing that Cannan was the only person in the world for her."

Barrie went as his wife confessed the true state of her heart. He gave her ample time for consideration, but she forced him to take the action for divorce, when he quickly obeyed.

After the divorce Barrie busied himself making provisions for his former wife's welfare. He agreed to settle a large sum, said to be \$250,000 on her, on condition that Cannan should marry her. He placed in their disposition a country house and a town house at Lansdowne Gate in London.

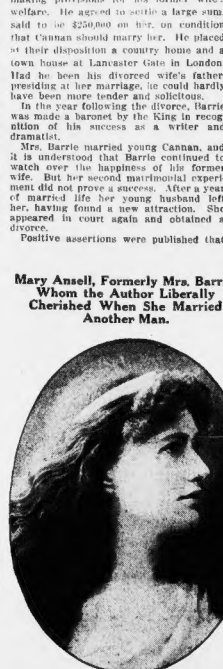
In the year following the divorce, Barrie was made a baronet by the King in recognition of his success as a writer and dramatist.

Mrs. Barrie married young Cannan, and it is understood that Barrie continued to watch over the happiness of his former wife. But her second matrimonial experiment did not prove a success. After a year of married life her young husband left her, having found a new attraction. She appeared in court again and obtained a divorce.

Positive assertions were published that

Barrie, the Chivalrous, Unselfish, Immensely Wealthy Playwright.

Mary Ansell, Formerly Mrs. Barrie, Whom the Author Liberally Cherished When She Married Another Man.



THE SECRET OF DOLOREK VANEHASCIN OF LONDON



(Continued from Front Page)

late; but I am very grateful for your kindness. I begin to realize that it is hard to do without sympathy at all times. It is my own fault, of course, that I have not had it," he added hastily. "I thought myself strong enough to stand alone; I did not want to worry anybody."

"It is something serious, then?" she exclaimed, sharp apprehension in her voice. "I was afraid so. Don't keep me in suspense, Ralph. You have said too much to be silent now. Tell me the worst."

Up to that moment Lord Estcourt had probably not thought of making a confidant of Olga Letbridge, old friend though she was, and capable and trustworthy as he believed her to be. But now, all at once, he felt it would be a relief to speak, to put his trouble into words.

"You want to know what is wrong with me?" she said slowly. "When I tell you you will scarcely wonder that I am changed. The fear of it haunts me day and night, until I walk the world like a ghost, feeling that I have no part in it. A black horror is slowly dropping, like a curtain, between me and all the joy and happiness of life. It falls a little lower every day, and every day I watch it fall a little more, and I feel a little more hope and courage—a little more of all that goes to make a man. Soon I shall only be an object of pity to my fellows."

As he spoke his voice unconsciously betrayed him. It broke from his control and throbbled with passion and emotion, in which there was more than a touch of contempt for his own weakness.

"Ralph, what is it?" Olga Letbridge cried, in dismay. "I don't understand. What is this thing you dread, which is blighting your life?"

"I can't," he answered. "I can't—have such a horror of it. I'm such a coward. It's the one thing I have always feared—fear more than any other. Think what it means; he broke out with sudden fervor, "to have all that you hold dear, everything dim to your gaze. To wake up every morning and be afraid to open your eyes, because—because you don't know how much less you may see than you did the day before. To look at the brightest beggar in the street with a shudder, because the time may be coming when his affliction will be yours."

"Olga, they tell me I am going blind!"

"No—no!" she gasped. "Not that! Not blindness! Merciful Heaven! With your life laid out before you, every thing in the world to make you happy, to tell you that you are blind!"

"I don't believe it," she cried wildly. "There must be some horrible mistake. I thought at first, and I went from doctor to doctor, and I went to the best authorities, but they give me very little hope. As a last resource they are sending me to Walsingham, to see the celebrated specialist, Max Bernhardt. If he can do nothing for me, then I have only to sit down and wait. When the great day comes, perhaps I shall hear it better. Anyhow, it's the last chance."

"Then there is no hope left?" she asked in an accent of relief. "You must not despair yet, my dear friend. I have known people who have been condemned men, but who have come out of their prison, and who have been able to take care of themselves. It is not so easy to lose sight as it is to gain it."

"I wanted to have another look at the world before I said good-bye to it. It may be my last chance of seeing it as I see it now. The scene inside me is so terrible, that I was almost driven out of my mind. I felt that I was talking among those happy, fortunate people, like Banquo's ghost," and Estcourt laughed grimly.

"Besides," he added, "I didn't want to disappoint Norah, and she would have known what was the matter if I hadn't seen."

"But doesn't your wife know?" explained the woman incredulously. "You have not

"Never thought you would get tired of me so soon," she murmured. "Did I show you too plainly how much I loved you, dear? What can I do? I have no one to help me since I have lost you."

kept her in ignorance of the danger you are in? She would be the first to wish to spare you, and a hot, crowded ballroom is hardly the place for you now. I don't wonder that you had to come away."

"My wife knows nothing. It would be cruel to spring such a misfortune on her in the middle of the season, when she is enjoying herself so much. I like to see her happy. Indeed, until the matter is settled—for or against—I wish to keep it as quiet as possible."

As Estcourt spoke of his wife Olga Letbridge's face changed, but the momentary expression of malice passed. In one respect these two were curiously alike. They both had the same almost cold reserve, the same self-restraint, the same unobtrusive strength, which rose so seldom to the surface that few people even knew it was there.

"Have you told nobody then?" she said. "Am I the only one who knows?"

"I told my aunt, Lady Sarah," he said. "I thought, some one in the family ought to know. But you are the only other person in the secret, and I had no intention of telling you. You dived for yourself that something was wrong."

"Could she be more to him in this hour of trial than his own wife? If the darkness never lifted, might he not turn to her for help and comfort rather than to the beautiful bride of a year ago, who as Norah Marchmont had been the most sought after debutante of her season, and now, as Lady Estcourt, was one of the gayest figures in society? Was this girl's fate to console and lighten the hours of a sorely tried man? Let Lady Estcourt enjoy herself, so long as she—Olga Letbridge—could fill the post of trusted friend and comforter."

Olga Letbridge had never forgotten—nor forgiven—the fact that but for this girl, who had taken Lady Estcourt's heart by storm, she might have married him and have been a happy woman. Every one else expected it, she herself most of all; and she—Olga Letbridge—could fill the post of trusted friend and comforter."

"I don't think I can do it," she said. "I am not patient and considerate." said Lord Estcourt gravely. "But it will not be easy, as I know already. Such an affliction almost inevitably makes a man selfish. I can only hope that your affection will be a counterpoise to the complaint of your exasperation at present," she said coldly.

"You seem to let her do just as she likes," he said. "I have no objection to the way this season, while for you, my dear friend, I must have been nothing less than a burden."

"I like her to go about it; it makes it easier for me," he said. "If we were much together, she might discover that there was something wrong, or I might be weak enough to break down and tell her. Let her be happy as long as she can."

"Your thoughtfulness and consideration are beyond all praise," she said with a touch of bitterness she could not restrain. "Perhaps, as the amateur usually does, I have made some excuse to myself at times, but it had to be all or nothing. Norah would often have played with me when I was as happy as long as she can."

"I would not let her. I persuaded her to take part in everything, to go about everywhere. I wanted her to have at least one year of unclouded happiness."

"But what of your friends?" she asked with suppressed passion. "Did you never think of them? Don't leave them quite out in the cold. Like another Esau, and she laughed unsteadily, "I could beg for a thought for the remnant of your blessing. No! Not even for that. I have just the chance to serve you, Ralph—to be the smallest help in your trouble. It seems horrible that you should know it all alone, that there is no one to speak a word of comfort to you."

"Olga—dear friend," he said warmly. "You are taking this too much to heart. I did not mean you would feel it so deeply. Forgive my selfishness. You have helped already. I feel all the better for having told you, and you shall know all that happens as soon as possible."

"Let me be the first to hear," she cried eagerly. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

As a rule it was not an attractive face; it was too hard and cold and colorless (a study in drab), a cynical critic had once called Miss Letbridge, but now, flushed and quivering under the stress of genuine emotion, for the time it was almost beautiful, certainly pathetic. The cold eyes grew soft and tender, the bitter mouth relaxed, the slender white hands drew one great beauty—were stretched out to him in entreaty.

At that moment a curtain over one of the windows of the room behind was gently drawn back, and a woman looked into the balcony. As she saw the outstretched hands, the evident oblivion of those two to all but each other, she caught her breath sharply and her eyes dropped the man's face.

She saw it moved and softened, as she—his wife—saw seldom seen it. She could not hear what he said, but his action seemed significant enough. He took the beautiful hands in his own.

"Thank you, Olga," he said, "again and again, I shall never forget your kindness. If Max Bernhardt says an operation will give me a chance—I thought I told it will be a great risk—then I must have it done, and I will ask you to bring my wife out to me. Poor girl! She will need some one to help her, and she has no near relatives except a young sister. It will relieve my mind, as I shall never forget your kindness. Olga Letbridge, had always been a friend of his, though she had always been scornfully denied that she could be jealous of one whom she considered so much her inferior. But it was not until a few weeks ago that she had learned to fear her as well."

Miss Letbridge was a clever, intelligent woman, and Lord Estcourt, who shared her various subjects on which she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

"I have played the spy and earned the spy's reward," she thought, with bitter scorn as she turned away. "Could I have dreamed a year ago that he—or I—would fall so low?"

CHAPTER II. "O Jealousy! More Cruel Than the Grave!"

"WELL, Lady Estcourt, so you followed my advice after all," said Olga Letbridge, as she stood lost in tumultuous thought. She swung round sharply.

"What are you doing here? Watching me, she asked disingenuously. The man took no notice of her tone.

"Was I right?" he asked. "Did you find your husband and Miss Letbridge enjoying a tete-a-tete on the balcony? Are they there still, or did you disturb them?"

"Is it likely?" she answered contemptuously. "If he prefers her society to mine, if he never troubles to come near me the whole night to pay me the slightest attention—"

"Well," she drew her breath hard, "then I am beginning to think that it is a pity he should not be free to enjoy what he so evidently appreciates. I—"

"What?" she asked, but she steeled it at once. "Do not wish to stand in anybody's way, to demand as a right what once it was his pleasure to give me."

"I am glad you are coming to see things in a proper light," he said. "You have borne his indifference and neglect long enough. There comes a time when endurance means loss of respect. Is not the world beginning to gossip and jeer? Are we the only ones, do you think, who have remarked on their absence tonight, on your constant companionship?"

"I don't care," she said, playing the part of a patient Griselda.

"It is scarcely a role that appeals to me," she retorted. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

"After all, what does it matter?" she said. "If my husband saw you it would only hurt his pride, not his love. I have already lost, and it seems to me that everything else worth having in the world has gone with it."

"Forget him in another and a better love," the man whispered. "Show him that others can love him, something to let him see that if he can find happiness elsewhere, so can you. Have I not been patient? Have you not given him every chance? Oh, my dearest, surely the time has come at last for me to speak and you to listen."

"Not yet—not yet!" she cried hastily. "Wait a little longer. I must have more proof. I cannot give him up while a shadow of hope remains."

But though she refused him, something in her answered to his voice and touch. Delcourt appealed to the lower side of her, and she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

"I don't care," she said, playing the part of a patient Griselda.

"It is scarcely a role that appeals to me," she retorted. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

"After all, what does it matter?" she said. "If my husband saw you it would only hurt his pride, not his love. I have already lost, and it seems to me that everything else worth having in the world has gone with it."

"Forget him in another and a better love," the man whispered. "Show him that others can love him, something to let him see that if he can find happiness elsewhere, so can you. Have I not been patient? Have you not given him every chance? Oh, my dearest, surely the time has come at last for me to speak and you to listen."

"Not yet—not yet!" she cried hastily. "Wait a little longer. I must have more proof. I cannot give him up while a shadow of hope remains."

But though she refused him, something in her answered to his voice and touch. Delcourt appealed to the lower side of her, and she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

"I don't care," she said, playing the part of a patient Griselda.

"It is scarcely a role that appeals to me," she retorted. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

"After all, what does it matter?" she said. "If my husband saw you it would only hurt his pride, not his love. I have already lost, and it seems to me that everything else worth having in the world has gone with it."

"Forget him in another and a better love," the man whispered. "Show him that others can love him, something to let him see that if he can find happiness elsewhere, so can you. Have I not been patient? Have you not given him every chance? Oh, my dearest, surely the time has come at last for me to speak and you to listen."

"Not yet—not yet!" she cried hastily. "Wait a little longer. I must have more proof. I cannot give him up while a shadow of hope remains."

But though she refused him, something in her answered to his voice and touch. Delcourt appealed to the lower side of her, and she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

"I don't care," she said, playing the part of a patient Griselda.

"It is scarcely a role that appeals to me," she retorted. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

"After all, what does it matter?" she said. "If my husband saw you it would only hurt his pride, not his love. I have already lost, and it seems to me that everything else worth having in the world has gone with it."

"Forget him in another and a better love," the man whispered. "Show him that others can love him, something to let him see that if he can find happiness elsewhere, so can you. Have I not been patient? Have you not given him every chance? Oh, my dearest, surely the time has come at last for me to speak and you to listen."

"Not yet—not yet!" she cried hastily. "Wait a little longer. I must have more proof. I cannot give him up while a shadow of hope remains."

way he looked equally happy. It made one feel quite easy; they seemed to have all the good things of life.

"And she is devoted still, if he would let her be. But the man has got a secret, and he is so afraid of making her unhappy that he shuts himself up alone, so that she shall not find it as if she were the traitor. Didn't make her fifty times more miserable! I could not understand his behavior myself until he told me his trouble a day or two ago."

"There is Lord Estcourt coming in now with Miss Letbridge," interrupted her friend.

"I don't think much of our sex as a rule, my dear," replied her ladyship, rather irrelevantly as it seemed. "But if there is one type I dislike more than another it is the smooth, catlike woman who never gets into an honest rage, but who pursues her purpose—which is always to make mischief—with the skill and patience of a red Indian."

The Blue Hungarian Band had just finished playing "You and I," and Delcourt was strolling through the conservatory with Lady Estcourt, looking for a secluded place to sit and talk.

"If it were really only 'You and I' and the world well lost," he murmured tenderly. "Just now it almost seems so."

"With your hand in mine, your breath on my cheek, I forget that there was anything or any one else; and when the music came on and I found myself looking at you as I am in my arms and carry you away like a child, as the primitive man used to do. He had some other idea."

As they strolled under the canopy of flowers and spreading palm trees two men, who had long been waiting, came to the right, leaning forward to look after them. There he is—that is Monsieur Delcourt," which, who has remarked on their absence tonight, on your constant companionship?"

"I don't care," she said, playing the part of a patient Griselda.

"It is scarcely a role that appeals to me," she retorted. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

"After all, what does it matter?" she said. "If my husband saw you it would only hurt his pride, not his love. I have already lost, and it seems to me that everything else worth having in the world has gone with it."

"Forget him in another and a better love," the man whispered. "Show him that others can love him, something to let him see that if he can find happiness elsewhere, so can you. Have I not been patient? Have you not given him every chance? Oh, my dearest, surely the time has come at last for me to speak and you to listen."

"Not yet—not yet!" she cried hastily. "Wait a little longer. I must have more proof. I cannot give him up while a shadow of hope remains."

But though she refused him, something in her answered to his voice and touch. Delcourt appealed to the lower side of her, and she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

"I don't care," she said, playing the part of a patient Griselda.

"It is scarcely a role that appeals to me," she retorted. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

"After all, what does it matter?" she said. "If my husband saw you it would only hurt his pride, not his love. I have already lost, and it seems to me that everything else worth having in the world has gone with it."

"Forget him in another and a better love," the man whispered. "Show him that others can love him, something to let him see that if he can find happiness elsewhere, so can you. Have I not been patient? Have you not given him every chance? Oh, my dearest, surely the time has come at last for me to speak and you to listen."

"Not yet—not yet!" she cried hastily. "Wait a little longer. I must have more proof. I cannot give him up while a shadow of hope remains."

But though she refused him, something in her answered to his voice and touch. Delcourt appealed to the lower side of her, and she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

"I don't care," she said, playing the part of a patient Griselda.

"It is scarcely a role that appeals to me," she retorted. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

"After all, what does it matter?" she said. "If my husband saw you it would only hurt his pride, not his love. I have already lost, and it seems to me that everything else worth having in the world has gone with it."

"Forget him in another and a better love," the man whispered. "Show him that others can love him, something to let him see that if he can find happiness elsewhere, so can you. Have I not been patient? Have you not given him every chance? Oh, my dearest, surely the time has come at last for me to speak and you to listen."

"Not yet—not yet!" she cried hastily. "Wait a little longer. I must have more proof. I cannot give him up while a shadow of hope remains."

But though she refused him, something in her answered to his voice and touch. Delcourt appealed to the lower side of her, and she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

"I don't care," she said, playing the part of a patient Griselda.

"It is scarcely a role that appeals to me," she retorted. "Send me word first of all. Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added quickly, "I should like to be able to help your wife if it is bad news; to spare her as much as possible. Give me something to do for you, Ralph; it would make me so much happier."

"After all, what does it matter?" she said. "If my husband saw you it would only hurt his pride, not his love. I have already lost, and it seems to me that everything else worth having in the world has gone with it."

"Forget him in another and a better love," the man whispered. "Show him that others can love him, something to let him see that if he can find happiness elsewhere, so can you. Have I not been patient? Have you not given him every chance? Oh, my dearest, surely the time has come at last for me to speak and you to listen."

"Not yet—not yet!" she cried hastily. "Wait a little longer. I must have more proof. I cannot give him up while a shadow of hope remains."

But though she refused him, something in her answered to his voice and touch. Delcourt appealed to the lower side of her, and she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

CHAPTER III. "Anguish Bent Within Turns Hearts to Stone."

LADY ESTCOURT lay back in a corner of the balcony and waited for her husband to speak. She felt he owed her an explanation, though she disclaimed to ask for it. How strangely silent he was; and when the light caught his face now and again she could see that he was angry because she had made herself conspicuous with Paul Delcourt. She almost hoped that he was; anything was better than his careless confidence, which was only another word for indifference. That she—his wife—was not supposed to have an opinion. But she—his wife—had been so much of something she feared, but could not understand."

"Is anything the matter?" she asked at last, unable to restrain herself any longer. "You have been so silent for some time."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "I was half asleep."

Week End Dresses

by
Lady Duff-Gordon

New Style Old-Fashioned Gown
That Savors of Colonial Days
and Conquests.



A Simpler One-Piece Dress of Silk
Duverny, with Smart Touches
of Black Velvet and Val-
enciennes Lace.

Black Silk Lace, Valenciennes and White Silk Are Artis-
tically and Neatly Equally Commingled in This.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and for-
most creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion
article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in
styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch
with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39
West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon
("Lucile")

WHAT to take with one for a week-end
dress is a wrinkle-bringing problem.

"There will be only ourselves. It
will be very informal," your hostess says. Her
voice sounds so sincere, so assured over the
telephone that you are sure your blue gar-
dine suit will be the thing for the train, and for
loining on the porch or lawn your simplest
afternoon frock will serve.

When you arrive you learn that two distin-
guished guests have arrived. You express your
regret that you did not bring a dinner gown.
Your hostess, who has a short memory, looks
more than slightly disappointed. The dinner
is spoiled for you by your inappropriate attire.
Generally I have found it excellent precaution
against a hostess' short memory and vaguely
expressed invitation to tuck one's lightest
weight evening gown away in the dress suit
case for emergency.

But a smart afternoon gown is a necessity.
It will be in keeping with the simple home din-
ner she promised in her invitation, yet of suf-
ficient dignity to wear when you help her re-
ceive the automobile parties that, in happy

unconsciousness of time call at the dinner hour
and lounge on the porch or lawn until the stars
are out.

A group of three such useful gowns you see on
this page today. First, the youthful frock of
white silk with many ruchings and ruffles of
the extremely popular Valenciennes lace. Her
is high belted and round necked, with long,
loose sleeves extending beneath white silk ones,
and a glimpse of a lace petticoat. A rowette
of lace fastens the belt and ribbon woven flow-
ers adorn the bodice.

Of simple lines is the trousered skirt and the
one-piece silk duverny dress. A pleasing irreg-
ularity in the glimpse of white lace at one side
of the bodice and above the black velvet, fringed
and beaded belt. A fold of black velvet ex-
tends from the shoulder on the side. Black
velvet faces the loose cuffs, from which project
lace ruffles. A soft finish is given to the velvet
border of the neck by the overlapping row of
lace.

Black silk lace combines with white Valen-
ciennes over a white silk robe of many lace
inserts in the third of these week-end gowns.

There is a wide white silk girlo fastened by a
soft bow.

The narrow, turned-back collar gives a pleas-
ing touch of simplicity.

a Journal of Mysterious Raffles At Work Again

Bolder, More Skilful Than Any Criminal of Fiction—the Gentleman Thief Who Robs Guests at Society's Most Fashionable Functions of Their Jewels While He Dances, Dines or Plays Bridge with Them

IS Newport's mysterious "Raffles" at work again after the absence of several years—in fact since the first year of the war?

Did he even under one of the warring governments and has he returned more skilful and bolder than ever?

Or was the cessation of his activities due to the fact that jewels were not worn during the war?

Are men, and women of wealth and fashion actually robbing shoulders with some one who dances, dines and plays bridge with them only for the sake of stealing their diamond rings, pearl earrings and other jewels at the first favorable opportunity?

These are questions that are agitating all Newport and are dulling the brilliancy of what had promised to be one of the most notable seasons in the resort's history.

One moment a beautiful matron is wearing her full complement of jewels—the next moment one of her priceless pearl earrings is gone! A debutante is wearing a more than priceless diamond brooch as she dances or talks animatedly in the brightly lighted ballroom. She clutches the front of her low-cut bodice—her diamonds have disappeared!

A financial magnate of world-wide reputation sits at a large and formal dinner. His shirt front bears the usual two studs, pearls they are, perfectly matched and worth a king's ransom. As he leaves the table there is the necessary slight confusion, and as he and his companions move slowly toward the doorway he discovers that one of his studs is missing.

There is, of course, in every instance, much searching about, but the jewels are never found. It sounds like witchcraft. How can perfectly visible articles disappear completely from sight? If a jewel or any article of value is lost in a room filled with one's friends and social equals it must just naturally be found—unless, of course, it is not.

And right here is the crux of the whole disturbing situation in gay and beautiful Newport—unless there is a thief in the party, and a terribly expert and efficient one!

Larceny from the person, as these thefts are legally classed, is a most delicate operation. It is far more difficult and hazardous than rifling a safe or a silver chest. Plenty of nerve and a knowledge of burglar's tools make the gentle art of burglary a fairly easy one to follow.

Lenox, for example, is widely excited over a series of house robberies; jewels and plate worth huge sums of money have been stolen at night from well-guarded houses. These burglaries are annoying and all that, but they are understandable; they do not smack of mystery.

The Newport affair is very different and leads to but one conclusion: there must be a "Raffles" in the Summer colony! And this man or woman must not only have the entrance to the most exclusive houses, but must also have the absolute confidence of Newport's social leaders.

In no other way can the theft of Mrs. John Wanamaker, Jr.'s pearl earring and her husband's pearl shirt stud be explained. In no other way can the theft of Mrs. Borland, wife of Lieutenant Commander Borland, of the navy, explain the mystery of the disappearance of her diamond and platinum brooch.

Then there is Mrs. William Miller Graham's dinner guest, a woman who will not allow her name to be published, who lost a rare and costly brooch at one of Mrs. Graham's July dinners. There were twelve square-cut diamonds of the purest water set in a frame of exquisite hand-wrought platinum. This bauble, oddly enough, had been talked about by the dinner, for the woman is not only a social leader, but is noted for her jewel collection, and being among her friends she is discreetly mentioned something of the value of the beautifully cut stones.

down on all sides, and even the Newport women who had held out under the earlier invasion of unscrupulous gave way and accepted men of whom they knew absolutely nothing.

While Newport publicity advertises the loss of the above-mentioned jewels, valued at one hundred thousand dollars, the officers of a big New York detective firm know of other losses—a diamond and ruby pendant, a chain of diamonds and platinum and several diamond bracelets taken while the women guests at a large luncheon were playing auction or strolling about the hostess's wonderful rose-gardens. These remarkable thefts could only be the work of a master thief, a man whose fingers are trained to an uncanny agility, and whose delicacy of touch beggars description.

Even so, how could he have slipped a pearl earring from Mrs. Wanamaker's pearl earring from its firm hold on her ear? Perhaps it loosened while the lady was dancing and fell unnoticed to the floor? Yes, but how did the man stoop to pick it up without being detected? Surely if this had happened, when the loss was discovered would not some one recall having seen the man rather up something from the floor? To be sure, this actually might happen once in a while, but how often, and how many times within a fortnight? The success of these larcenies proves them to be the result of careful planning and forethought. This is the only way to follow.

To Mrs. Graham's party, because he hopes he might pick up a stray bauble, but because he knew he was going to carry off that rare and costly diamond brooch.

Because of the absolute discretion with which he carries out his plans, the belief that a kleptomaniac was at work speedily died.

The Newport thief is of vastly different calibre. He steals only diamonds and pearls, with an occasional colored jewel, such as the pigeon-blood ruby in the pendant already mentioned. Stolen white stones, such as diamonds, are less easy to detect than colored jewels. They can frequently be sold without being traced, while large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires are sure of being recognized and traced.

The Newport "Raffles," therefore, knows his business only too well, and so far has not been caught in a mistake.

During the past two years women of society sent their jewels to their safe or to a trusted friend. To be in public in times of war was considered a mark of vanity. For two years Newport has been bereft of jewelry, and necessary pins and rings and a string of pearls, but the summer, however, is peace Summer, and the daughters of Newport who have married foreign noblemen, and who could not come home when war was declared, were to come to Newport for visits of varying length. There would be naturally a great excitement. It had been Newport women, therefore, to get the jewels from their banks and make a great splurge as possible.



Photo by MARCIA DALCOO STUDIO
Mrs. John Wanamaker, Jr., from Whom the "Raffles" Stole a Pearl Earring and from Whose Husband He Collected a Pearl Shirt Stud.



Mrs. John Nelson Borland, Whose Superb Diamond Brooch Worth Many Thousands of Dollars Has Gone Into the Loot of the Mysterious Thief



Mrs. Charles de Looney, Orléans and Her Little Daughter, Marjorie, Mrs. Orléans is the Social Leader Who Suffered Heavily Several Years Ago When All Her Jewels Were Stolen from Her House—A Theft Which Had All the Marks of the Present Mysterious Series of Robberies.



There never has been a convincing explanation made of the theft and spectacular return of Mrs. Orléans's jewels some years ago. After a great loss, Mrs. Orléans, suddenly, announced her recovery, and expected the world to believe her when she said that she had not been advertised until every lock and cranny in Orléans had been searched.

When all of Mrs. Charles Orléans's jewels were stolen from the safe in her home one July afternoon there was great excitement. These jewels were worth, or if there were no one has ever been able to place them in a wall safe and forgotten them. This explanation did not explain, because, of course, the loss could not have been advertised until every lock and cranny in Orléans had been searched.

The thought of what may happen when the most famous of the colony—the Orléans, Orléans Court, Beechwood, Bowditch and others—are thrown open for festivities is appalling. Newport is in a state of nervousness and for the moment jewels are conspicuous by their absence. Actually, such things as have happened simply could not happen. But they have.

Of course, no one is talking very much about the methods employed to catch the thief. The most serious losses are being kept quiet, for believing it to be an "inside job" the influential men of the colony are everyone to keep quiet lest the thief suspect that he is suspected. It is impossible, of course, to have one's guests searched before leaving the premises. What a sensation that would make!

There never has been a convincing explanation made of the theft and spectacular return of Mrs. Orléans's jewels some years ago. After a great loss, Mrs. Orléans, suddenly, announced her recovery, and expected the world to believe her when she said that she had not been advertised until every lock and cranny in Orléans had been searched.

Yildiz Kiosk—The World's Wickedest Palace Destroyed!



The Yildiz Kiosk to the left and in the foreground the Mosque of Abdul Hamid, connected by secret passages with the palace. Here were spun hundreds of webs of Turkish deceit, oppression and massacre.

Fire Wipes Out the Great Marble Den Which Was the Heart of the Wicked World-Wide Turkish Intrigues Revealed in Robert W. Chambers' Book "The Dark Star" and Shown in the Remarkable Film from That Novel

The Yildiz Kiosk, of evil fame, the palace at Constantinople, has been burned to the ground. The palace had many of the secrets of Sultan Abdul Hamid, the most cruel and tyrannical ruler who ever sat on the throne of the Ottoman Empire. The kiosk, beautifully situated among the gardens overlooking the Bosphorus, had been built up and embellished during the nineteenth century by Abdul Hamid and his immediate predecessors.

The kiosk—its name meant "The Palace of the Sultan"—was a strange mixture of European and Oriental luxury. The furniture was in the style of France's Second Empire. There was a vast screened harem with a courtyard containing over 400 rooms and apartments, to open into which the Sultan could lead any man but the Sultan himself. The ground floor was composed of a series of rooms where the victims of Abdul Hamid's tyranny groined and also, it is said, a secret treasure chamber. There were also rooms where his conspirators plotted Europe always on the brink of war, and planned the destruction of many of the world's great cities. After Abdul Hamid's death the palace was the scene of many meetings, where that unscrupulous adventurer, Enver Pasha, directed the affairs of the Empire during the war.

How much shall we ever learn of the secrets of the Yildiz Kiosk? Strange to say, one of the most thrilling of recent American romances, "The Dark Star," by Robert W. Chambers, centers largely upon the politics and plots that originated in the quiet chambers of the Yildiz Kiosk.

The fascinating, profane spy of the story, known in one of her guises as Minnie Mint, Parisian actress and adventurer, is an agent of Sultan Abdul Hamid, marvellously skilled in extracting secrets from the bosoms of French statesmen.

Two real French dancers suspect her character and their conversation in this romance suggests her relations with the Sultan and the Yildiz Kiosk.

At last, that woman, said Nini, it appears that she has twisted more than

one red button of honor out of a broadcloth coat.

"She'll get the Soraglio medal for this day's work," said Pili.

"Or the Croix-de-lefer," added Nini. "Ah, Zulf! she annoys me!"

Jim Neeland, the passion-tossed hero of Mr. Chambers' romance, is trapped by Sultan Abdul Hamid and Enver Pasha's murderous agents and the reader will nearly die of heart failure before that hero escapes.

"Oh! Neeland! Neeland!" said the lovely remorseful spy. "There are men behind who will never let you pass! And Enver and Kestner are coming here later and that devil, Panat Mahmud Bey!"

"Golden Beard and Ali Baba and the whole Arabian Nights!" exclaimed Neeland. "Who is Panat Mahmud Bey, Scheherazade's dear?"

"The shadow of Abdul Hamid!"

"Yes, dear child, but Abdul Hamid is shut up tight in a fortress!"

His shadow does the spurred heels of Enver Pasha," she said, striving to maintain her composure. "Oh, Neeland! a hundred thousand Armenians are yet to die in that accursed shadow! And do you think Mahmud Dama! will hesitate in regard to you?"

The intrigues of the Yildiz Kiosk, its wonders and wickedness, as suggested in Mr. Chambers' romance, have been used on the film in a new motion picture, which will bear the same title as the novel—"The Dark Star." That exquisite film artist, Marion Davies, is the star of this production, a fair figure standing out appealingly against the background of Turkish villainy and violence.

Rue Carw, the name of the heroine carried by the lovely Miss Davies, is born in Turkey, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Carw, an American missionary. According to common belief, she is under the influence of the "Dark Star," an evil celestial body. It is said that long ago some metal from this star fell into the hands of an imagermaker, who fashioned it into the image of Enk, Prince of Darkness, saying that the possessor of it should be in the midst of tragedy.

The image is for a time in the hands of a Turkish spy, who entrusts it to the Rev. Willoughby Carw. After a mysterious visit to the Yildiz Kiosk, the spy is slain. Mr. Carw and his daughter return to the

United States, the latter carrying the image as a talisman.

Rue grows to lovely womanhood. Her favorite toy was the end Enk, and when she finds secret documents in it and shows them to her father, he explains that he had not got rid of them because he believed they might be of use to the United States. Rue is forced by poverty to accept occasional barterers, among them being Braden and Still, two scoundrels who win her good graces for purposes of their own. She spends her time at her house work, and her diversion is target practice with a revolver.

While practicing one day a piece of the target strikes Jim Neeland, son of a mill owner and an illustrator who is sketching in the vicinity. He meets Rue and sketches her and then separates without the prospect of a future meeting. Returning home, Rue finds her father dead upon the floor. He has been cruelly assassinated by Turkish spies, who have been trying to learn the secret of the image from him.

Meanwhile, the plans hidden in the little red button of honor are being searched by Turkish spies. Chief among these agents are Princess Naia, an adventuress, and Prince Alak, who has assumed the role of a Cossack nobleman. They meet Neeland, and Naia seeks to make him her tool.

Rue is about to be married to Braden by fraud, when his exposure follows and the free in despair to the studio of Neeland. Here she meets the Princess, who, on being introduced by Neeland, offers to take Rue to her home, where she hopes to wrest the secret of the hiding place of the plans from her.

Meanwhile Neeland, who is co-operating with the French Secret Service, goes to Brookhollow for the plans, and when Rue arrives he hides. When she produces the suitcase in which the plans are secreted he wrests it from her at the point of a revolver. He escapes and Rue informs the Princess and Alak that she not only knows the plans by heart, but is able to reproduce them.

Learning that Neeland is to sail for Europe, they decide to sail with him, taking Rue with them. They watch Neeland's steamer for six days before the latter ventures on deck for air. They seek for the plans in vain, and finally poison his steamer, which the steward leaves in a corridor unguarded. When he falls unconscious the Princess and Alak enter his room and search his effects.

Rue watches them, a prey to doubt. She loves Neeland, but she also loves her country. She rejoices when the search is interrupted by the steward, who bears a wireless message for Neeland.

Neeland reads the message and explains the truth to Rue. He takes Rue's suitcase to the captain, who places it in a safe. The Princess and Alak, finding the plans

beyond their reach, plan to plant a bomb and escape to another vessel lurking astern.

They trap up Neeland and Rue, signal to the enemy vessel, light their bomb and escape overboard, ultimately reaching France.

Wrestling her hands free, Rue takes Neeland's revolver, fires at the bomb, destroying the time mechanism, then at a water picher the water extinguishing the flames. They are rescued by officers of the steamship, and on their arrival in France, place the plans in the hands of the French.

Both are shadowed by the Princess and Alak and Rue kidnaps her. She is taken to a Turkish den and is about to be killed when Neeland arrives in advance of French Secret Service agents. She is rescued. Alak leaps to death out of a window and the Princess is slain by Apaches. Rue and Neeland come safely into the harbor of their mutual love.

The secrets of the Yildiz Kiosk may never be entirely revealed, but Mr. Chambers' great romance and the film play founded on it will impress the villainies planned there, villainies that involved the whole world in tragedy, deep on the hearts of the American people.

Miss Marion Davies, the exquisite star of "Cosmopolitan Productions" motion picture "The Dark Star," who helps foil the villainies of the Yildiz Kiosk and its German Allies.

Four of the thrilling and dramatic moments from "The Dark Star," in which the workings of the evil genius of the Yildiz Kiosk are so powerfully set forth.

Pictures Published by Arrangement with Cosmopolitan Productions, Producers, and Famous Players-Lasky Corp., Distributors of the Motion Picture "The Dark Star."



A New Kind of Suit

All Wool - \$12⁸⁵

BOYS are hard on clothes! Mothers know boys will play ball and leapfrog, slide down cellar doors and banisters, vault fences and run foot races—and every jump and slide and strain tears and wears the fabrics, pulls apart the seams, rips off buttons. Here-
tofore, boys' suits quickly went to pieces. You'll find the remedy in such clothes as

Boyville

The Boyville Suit—Price, \$12.85

Two-Style Knickerbocker Suit. Can be worn as belt all around model or the new waist seam style. Coat lined with good quality mohair. Pants are full lined. Sizes, 7 to 18 years. State size. Shipping weight, 3½ pounds. Your choice of four patterns.

40A1—14-ounce wool cashmere color, gray. Price \$12.85
40A2—14-ounce wool cashmere color, brown. Price \$12.85
40A3—14-ounce wool cashmere blue green. Price \$12.85
40A4—14-ounce wool cashmere blue with stripe. Price \$12.85

Boyville Full Lined Pants to Match—Price, \$3.85

Priced especially low. Order an extra pair of pants with the suit. Sizes, 7 to 18 years. State size. Shipping weight, 1½ pounds.

40A1—Pants to match 40A1. Price \$3.85
40A2—Pants to match 40A2. Price \$3.85
40A3—Pants to match 40A3. Price \$3.85
40A4—Pants to match 40A4. Price \$3.85

Boyville Cap to Match—Price, 98c

One-Piece Top Winter Golf Style Cap made of same material as suit. Full lined. Stitched band. Long visor. Cloth lined inside pull-down band. Sizes, 6½, 6¾, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½ and 10. State size. Average shipping weight, 6 ounces.

If by parcel post add amount of postage according to weight and zone.



"Boyville" Suit can be worn in two ways—with belt or in the new waist seam style.

Boyville, a new kind of suit for your boy, is designed to stand these strains. It is a suit made of a specially woven all wool fabric—a suit with new strength to withstand the wear and tear at more than twenty points of strain.

This new kind of suit is designed to save you the trouble of sewing up seams, save you from constantly sewing on buttons, sewing up sleeve linings, tacking on belt loops and endless patching and fixing.

A New Standard of Value

Boyville pockets are held permanently in place by canvas stays. Seams are double stitched and taped. Sleeve linings are backstitched to stand months of pulling and tugging. Even the buttons are reamed so they will not cut the thread.

And you will have no more regrets that your boy is not better dressed. Even in style the *Boyville* is different. It is really two suits in one.

Never before has a boy's suit been made with such wear resisting materials and sold for so little. *Boyville* sets a new standard of values. The *Boyville*, with its more than twenty special features of strength, its specially woven all wool cloth—costs only \$12.85.

Boyville clothes will look better and last longer per dollar of expenditure than any other clothes for boys.

Backed by Our Guarantee

Into every *Boyville* suit goes the resources of one of America's largest merchandising institutions, now serving, in its 27th year, about one-quarter of all the families in the United States.

There is no better illustration of the advantage of dealing with Sears, Roebuck and Co. than in the perfection of detail and value found in *Boyville* clothes. *Boyville* suits, as well as everything that Sears, Roebuck and Co. sell, are backed by this guarantee of satisfaction:

The service you have a right to expect or your money returned.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Dallas Chicago Seattle

Boyville Stockings

Boys' Fine Ribbed, Medium Weight Stockings. Made from two threads of fine quality cotton yarn, with an extra thread knit into the knees and tops. Toes and heels of three-thread yarn. Sizes, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½ and 10. State size. Shipping weight, each pair, 4 ounces.

77A26250—Black. Price, 3 pairs for, \$1.00



Boyville Shoes

Foot form shape, gunmetal finish side leather lace shoe with dull leather top. All leather low heel, leather innersole and counter. Full vamp, not cut off under the tip. Medium heavy sole. Goodyear welt. State size. Shipping weight, 1½ to 2 pounds. 15A375372—Little folks' sizes, 9 to 13½. Price \$3.45 15A374910—Boys' sizes, 1 to 3½. Price 3.95 15A374123—Young men's sizes, 6 to 9. Price 4.75



Boyville Blouse

Made of mercerized cotton poplin; seams double stitched. Attached collar has buttonholes on points and pearl links. Two breast pockets. Three-ply open style cuffs with button and buttonhole. Sizes, 6 to 15 years. State size. Shipping weight, 6 ounces.

40A13—Price \$1.00

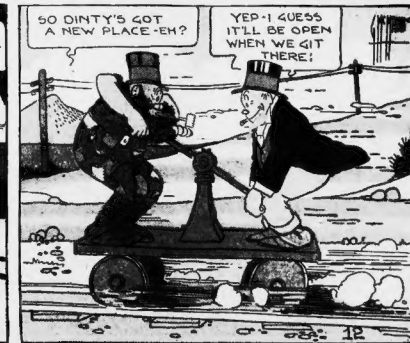


COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

August 10, 1919

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. All Rights Reserved.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Bringing Up Father

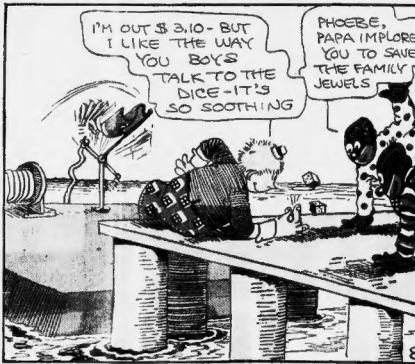
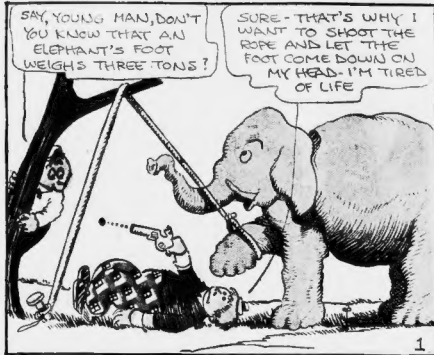
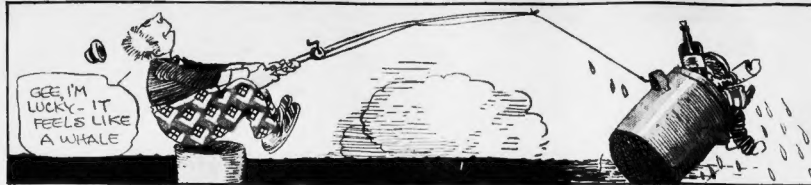


COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

August 10, 1919

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Boob McNutt



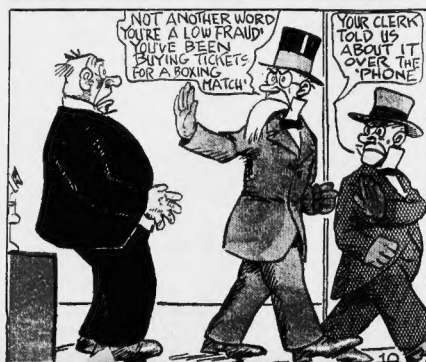
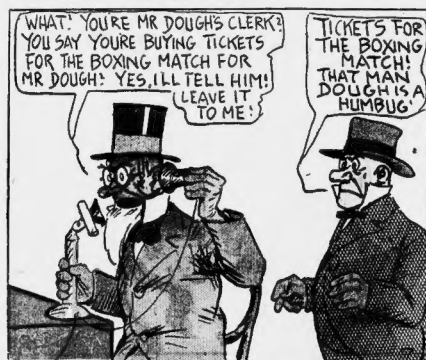
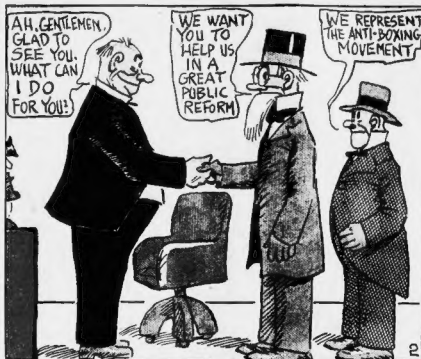


COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

August 10, 1919

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Mr. Doubb



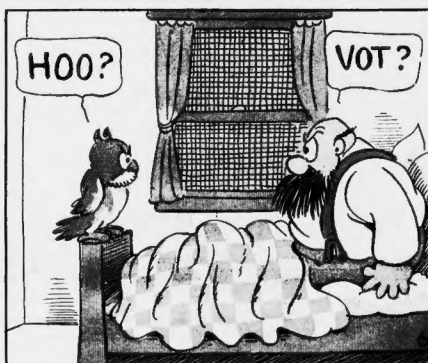
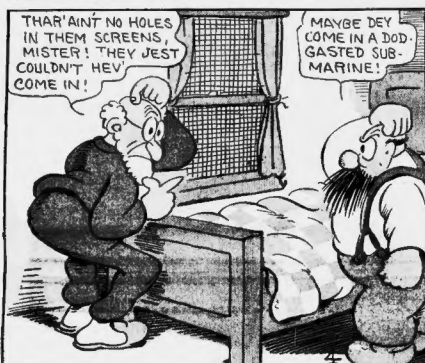


COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

August 10, 1919

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.
Published by W. B. Ewald, Office.

The Shenanigan Kids



The Shenanigan Kids Live in Animated Pictures, Made by International Film Service, Released Through Educational Films Corporation of America, and Shown at Best Theatres